

OUR BELOVED KING

Volume 162
25th July, 1936

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

ed by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

Reduced to **2^D**
Weekly

SINGING in the true heart of every loyal Briton to-day is a song of praise and thankfulness to God—for His mercy in preserving our beloved King.

THE KING RODE CALMLY ON.

GOD SAVE THE KING

God Save our Gracious King,
Long Live our Noble King,
God Save the King!
Send him Victorious,
Happy and Glorious,
Long to Reign over us—
God Save the King!

O Lord our God! arise
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall!
CONFOUND THEIR POLITICS,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix—
God Save us all!

Reprinted from the "Daily Mail"

UNHOLY ALLIANCE

WHEN thieves fall out, honest men come into their own. Conversely, when gentry like Stalin and Trotsky draw together, honest men expect trouble. The sinister accord, after an eight years' breach, between these two arch-revolutionaries means redoubled mischief, terrorism, and class-strife throughout Europe.

Trotsky was exiled from Russia for the crime of too much zeal. He would have staked all on the dream of world red revolution forthwith, yet Stalin said: "Wait till the Soviet is stronger." To-day, *largely by reverting to those capitalist methods she reviled*, Russia has gathered resources for another, more frantic assault.

Wandering in exile, Trotsky, the indefatigable organiser, was never passive. He built up the Fourth International—new shock troops against the world's citadels of sanity and order. Of this menacing force Stalin now becomes general. The plot is to shake the world into confusion and leave *the Reds of Moscow floating uppermost on a universal welter of misery and helpless terror.*

The

SATURDAY REVIEW

FOUNDED
IN
1855

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25th JULY, 1936

Reprinted from THE OBSERVER.

Long Live the King!

WHETHER the "attempt" against the body of His Majesty turns out to have been the act of a maniac, the gesture of a demonstrator, or the failure of an assassin, one thing is certain. The people of this country have had one more visible proof of the hereditary courage of our monarchy.

* * *

THE King rode on calmly. That is all there is to say. So did his great-grandmother drive on calmly on the five occasions when "attempts" were made against her. So did his father visit Ireland. So did the King himself often escape his escorts and slip up to the front-line trenches during the War.

* * *

WE are justly proud of this age-old courage of our Kings. We can also be justly proud of the age-old tradition by which free men follow their King. The Black Prince led at Crecy because he knew that the free citizens of England would follow, and not for nothing does Shakespeare's Henry V. call his men "dear friends" when he is taking them once more unto the breach at Harfleur. And it is exactly this tradition which makes it the simple and natural thing for King Edward VIII. to ride at the head of his troops, alone and undefended, instead of in the middle of a phalanx of bayonets.

* * *

KAISERS and Tsars and Dictators must be surrounded with horse and foot and artillery and, far worst of all, with secret and unscrupulous police-spies. They ride quaking, through streets of fear.

* * *

BUT England's King goes through his streets of free men, secure in the knowledge that they, out of their very pride of freedom, will defend him and his throne to the death, just as he himself would go to the death to preserve their freedom. When a fool or a madman or a knave draws a revolver, it is the people's fury which he has to fear, not the police.

* * *

AND when the revolver is drawn, the King rides calmly on.

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Red Tentacles Are Spreading

Bolshevism hasn't figured much on this page for some time past. You can't "sock" a subject for eighteen years without an occasional rest. But there is no doubt of the immense headway it is now making, diplomatically and otherwise. Receipts for Moscow money have been found in Palestine. France is divided against itself, with big street fights in Nice and Paris.

We stage a Parliamentary debate in which the Home Secretary waxes just a little too wroth against the Fascists, just as our magistrates do. After all, the Fascists only arose because the Reds preached anarchy, with policemen standing by to see that they didn't get hurt! Meanwhile Litvinoff pursues his oily way between British and French diplomats!

Is it possible that the real explanation of Hitler, after all, is that he really means what he says about Russia, and is taking no chances about an irruption of Red barbarism over his frontiers? It would be the happiest solution conceivable. Because the only thing to do with Bolshevism is to club it.

Sunday Pictorial.

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Extremely Painful!

Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, speaking at Bidford-on-Avon, said maintenance of sanctions could not reverse the course of events.

It was extremely painful to all the Governments represented at Geneva to have to face this situation, but there was no escape from it.

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If Mr. Eden only had half the intelligence of a London sparrow he would have known six months ago the utter folly of supposing that sanctions could ever succeed. What Mr. Eden has not yet

ever imagined is any one thing or any one policy that could possibly help this country.

[Ed. S.R.]

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"Locarno" Meeting in London

On a British suggestion the French and Belgian Governments will probably be represented at a meeting to be held in London this week. They will meet as signatories of the Locarno Treaty. Ever since Germany re-occupied the Rhineland,



over four months ago, such a meeting has been discussed by London, Paris and Brussels. The re-occupation of the Rhine zone violated the Locarno Treaty of 1925. There was, therefore, something to discuss. But the whole essence of the Locarno Treaty was the mutual guarantee of peace by the five powers—Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Belgium. Is there much hope or even sense in three of those Powers holding a meeting, even if it be called "preliminary"?

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An Ill-Omened Analogy

The misfortune that has radiated from Geneva was due to the simple fact that the existing League was stultified from the beginning, because it was incomplete. The exactly parallel misfortune is invited by an incomplete "Locarno" meeting. Both the League and the Locarno principles

depend wholly for their virtue upon the completeness of their respective membership. To violate common sense not once, but incorrigibly again, is the very demoralisation of diplomatic practice.

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* The Observer.

The El Dorado of the Socialists

By far the most valuable information we have yet received on the actual conditions of life and labour in Soviet Russia is provided by Sir Walter Citrine, General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress, in his book, "I Search for Truth in Russia," and in the articles he has contributed to the Socialist press.

With the unrivalled knowledge possessed by Sir Walter of the conditions prevailing in this country, of the wages, hours and standard of living of the workers, he was in a better position than any other British visitor to Russia to make a just and accurate comparison.

RUSSIA SHOWS HER HAND

The extent to which the Spanish Left-Front Government is relying on Communist support in its bid for victory is revealed by the report that among the "loyal" ships which shelled the Fascists in Ceuta was a Soviet vessel in which two guns had been mounted.

Sir Walter returned from Russia disappointed and disillusioned. The appearance of the people was drab and slovenly. Many of the workers were in rags and tatters. Queues waited patiently outside the shops for food.

Buildings were badly constructed, material and workmanship both being defective. Houses were often not fit for animals. There was much overcrowding. One room, one family, was almost the rule. Cooking and sanitary arrangements were inadequate and primitive.

Women were engaged in the most heavy and coarsening work, digging drains, plate-laying, swinging sledge-hammers, and working as deck-hands on Soviet steamers. The average wage of the workers was about 12s. a week. Wages are based on piece-work, and under the Stakhanov process the workers are subjected to a merciless speeding-up.

**

Hours of Work

Sir Walter gives some striking figures of the hours a Russian has to work as compared with the British worker. To earn the money for a pair of shoes worth 15s. in England, the Russian has to work 116 hours, against the British worker's 13½ hours. To earn enough to buy a coat worth £3 in England, the Russian would have to work 243

hours against 53½ worked by the British workers. To earn enough to buy a lady's costume worth £1 15s. in England, the Russian woman would have to work 139 hours, while the Englishwoman would earn it in 32½ hours.

**

"No Word of Criticism"

Sir Walter Citrine describes how criticism of the Government is stifled, and declares that no man would dare to express any disapproval of the Communist Party or its leaders. As for the Trade Unions, they are mere "puppets of the Communist Party." He asked his conductor how the Trade Unionists could exercise any independent criticism of the system.

"If the individual worker tried to do so in the factory, he said, he would first be given a friendly warning. The next time he would find himself up against the Communist nuclei in the factory, and finally the Factory Director. He would have a pretty rough time. The Leaders accepted the decisions of the Polit Bureau of the Communist Party and applied them, without demur, no matter how disagreeable the consequences might be for their members. They dared not disobey."

If any member of the Communist Party is suspected of weakness or back-sliding, he is haled before a Commission, which turns him inside-out.

"That is why no Communist dare argue independently, or criticise his leaders, or their policy. He is so anxious not to be regarded as a "deviationist" that when confronted with any question he asks himself, "What is the true Leninist line? What would Stalin say?" He takes good care that nothing which he says transgresses the policy of these oracles. To argue with a Russian Communist is to argue with a gramophone record of Stalin."

**

Propaganda Everywhere

When Sir Walter asked himself what it was he disliked so much in the Soviet system, he dis-



covered it was just this sense of repression and lack of freedom to think and say what he liked.

"I have the uneasy feeling that the workers are simply cogs in the Soviet machinery. I couldn't prove this to satisfy a jury. But that there is coercion I have not the slightest doubt.

I did not find that they had any more or even as much freedom of expression as we have in Britain. The worker is nominally the master. In practice he does exactly what he is told to do. He cannot possibly fight the State, or the Trade Union, or the Factory Committee, or the Communist nucleus.

"Right from his infancy his thinking is controlled. This is still done to an extent which Capitalism never has succeeded in doing. It starts with the creche and goes on right through life. I know, of course, that there has been some relaxation of this during the last couple of years.

"Propaganda is everywhere, and there is no escape from it and no challenge to it. There is never any source from which the worker can learn the other side. He only hears one side. That is the dreadful thing about it."

In this Capitalist country, the Socialist has the freedom of the platform, liberty of opposition and criticism, and a Press devoted to his cause, with complete liberty to indulge in the most flagrant fictions and fabrications. It is impossible to imagine the existence of similar conditions in Russia. The critics and opponents of Communism in Russia are either exiled in the frozen wastes of Siberia, or are enjoying the peace and freedom of death.

Information.

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A Clean Slate

The League of Nations, during the past twelve months, has been forced by its own apostles into exhibiting its own impotence, even, therefore, its own capacity for mischief. An impotent League is a mischievous League. For this was not a League of Nations at all. If the seven Great Powers had all been in it, instead of only three, the Covenant would by that very fact have been a living thing. Folly, however, must pay its price. The attempt at Sanctions by such a League had as its only effect, not, indeed, the killing of the League, but the demonstration that it was already dead. It died because it did not include everybody. It can be resuscitated only by reforms which will make it impossible to include everybody. That is the dilemma. Its implications must be faced. A new Europe demands the unremitting thought of those who would save it from disaster.

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The New Epoch

The transition to the new epoch is illustrated by three episodes in Germany's record. In 1931 she attempted the virtual *Anschluss* with Austria by means of a Customs Union. Germany was still disarmed. Before the project was launched the German Ambassadors in London, Paris and Rome submitted it for the approval of the Versailles Powers. It was not approved, and was referred to the League. Before the World Court came to pronounce upon it, Dr. Curtius voluntarily dropped

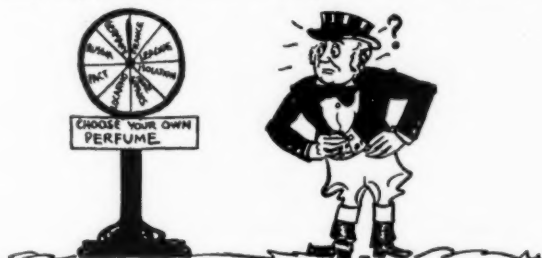
it. Secondly, in 1934, when the new Germany of Herr Hitler had begun its exuberant resurgence, the murder of Dr. Dollfuss was the violent new method employed. Dr. Dollfuss had staked his career, and his life, on Austria's independence. It was Signor Mussolini who thwarted the German purpose. He at once moved his troops to the Brenner. The *Putsch* was averted. To-day, the third attempt succeeds. There is no opposition. Signor Mussolini has been given by the Versailles League Powers themselves no alternative but to stand aside in benevolent neutrality towards the German achievement.

What upon Germany is the inevitable result? She looks west and sees France. She looks east and sees Russia. Both countries are equipped with a powerful air force. France is on the one frontier. Russia via Czecho-Slovakia is on the other. When Germany talks of a two-to-one strength in the air, is pure logic at fault? But pure logic is not enough. The argument happens not to suit Great Britain. Indeed, the answer to the riddle must be sought in London. What is British policy?

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Britain's Duty

Never had a British Government a graver or more urgent thing to face. The peace of Europe may depend upon the courage and the wisdom of



British Ministers now. The purpose is clear. It is nothing less than the salvation of Europe from its nightmare of probable war. The factors are also clear. France thinks and Russia hopes that Britain will be committed to war against Germany by what may happen in the east of Europe. A concentrated diplomacy is directed towards persuading us even to formulate that commitment. We have no feeling against Russia. Mr. Litvinoff has played a great part both for Paris and for London in many ways. We have no selfish aims. Britain has enough of Colonial responsibilities. Our only object is peace. That means peace with Germany. It can be only a peace of honour with safety, not a peace of effusion with concession. How is it to be achieved? How can Britain help? Certainly not by accepting a commitment to fight against Germany, blindly and in advance, for any and every imaginable cause or country in Europe. That in effect is what Moscow and Paris ask of us. It is out of the question.

GEORGE GLASGOW in the *Observer*.

LOYALTY

By . . .
"QUOODLE"

LOYALTY is the sublimest of virtues — and the most destructive. It spurs brave and wise men to do great things. It provides pig-headed blunderers with a pretext for persisting in their folly. History reeks with the disasters wrought by rulers and statesmen who invoked loyalty as an excuse for stupidity.

TO WHOM SHOULD A MINISTER OF THE CROWN BE LOYAL? TO THE KING? THAT GOES WITHOUT SAYING. INDEED, IT IS DOUBTFUL IF THE WORD "LOYALTY" CAN RIGHTLY BE APPLIED IN ANY OTHER CONNECTION. In this country the Crown, in so far as it can command allegiance, is constitutionally identified with the State, but there is also a personal devotion to the Sovereign which is of the heart, not of the mind, which not every sovereign can demand, to our great good fortune, as Edward VIII and his forbears have done. The great thankfulness which filled the people of this country when they learned that no harm had befallen the King, on a recent occasion, was born, not of a sense of duty, but of affection and admiration.

But there are other so-called loyalties, founded on duty or interest or faith or mere association, and it is with those that we are now concerned. To whom should a Minister of the Crown be loyal?

To whom should a Prime Minister be loyal? To his conscience? Yes, if he has one, but one must remember that a conscience is a burglar alarm, not a vade mecum. If a man talks much about his conscience you can be sure that he means his self-esteem.

To his "pals"? No, for he is the paid servant of the State. **THE CONSTITUTIONAL THEORY OF RESPONSIBILITY REQUIRES A PRIME MINISTER TO BE ANSWERABLE FOR HIS COLLEAGUES, BUT NOT TO CONDONE THEIR BLUNDERS. IF THEY BUNGLER IT IS HIS DUTY TO GET RID OF THEM. THAT IS WHAT THE STATE HIRES HIM FOR.**

To his Party? No Prime Minister should subordinate national to Party interests, though most of them do. On the other hand, a Prime Minister who consistently waters down his Party's policies with those of other parties, in the hope to get more votes that way, or who puts himself at the head of a combination of parties, not because the interests of the State demand it, but because it promotes his own retention of office, may be doing some good to himself and his colleagues, but none to his Party.

To the State? That should go without saying. But does it? I should like to ask Mr. Baldwin



which comes first with him, Britain or the League of Nations. If he answers "Britain" I would ask him why he allowed this country's armaments to dwindle "below the edge of risk"? Did that benefit Britain?

I would ask him for whose benefit he interfered between Japan and China — one recalls that ridiculous arms embargo — thereby earning us Japanese ill-will. Not for Britain's benefit!

Was it for Britain's benefit that he continued the MacDonald tradition of sending the Foreign Secretary trotting round the capitals of Europe like a patent pill pedlar and crowned it by appointing Anthony Eden Public Busybody No. 1 to the League of Nations? Was it, finally, for Britain's benefit and not the League's that Mr. Baldwin muddled us into the position of sanctioners-in-chief to the League, antagonising Italy, annoying France, humbugging the Negus and making us look ridiculous in the eyes of the world?

Is it because of Mr. Baldwin's loyalty to Britain that we are now muddling out of the Mediterranean mess with our tail between our legs, stripped of prestige and rearming in panic-stricken haste. **Was it for Britain's benefit, to complete the picture that Mr. Baldwin allowed Mr. Eden to catechise Herr Hitler in a note which that astute statesman has carefully omitted to answer—unless Herr Greiser can be said to have answered it for him—thereby leaving us hanging in mid-air, foolishly wondering what to do or say next?**

This story of Mr. Baldwin's strange "loyalty" to his country could be prolonged. Loyalty can be stupid, but could real loyalty go hand in hand with such industrious and diversified folly? The answer is, NO. Mr. Baldwin may look the honest Briton, but the honour and safety of Britain have never been in such reckless and untrustworthy hands.

BALDWIN CONVICTS HIMSELF

By KIM

MR. BALDWIN went down to Cardiff last week-end to raise, if possible, the drooping spirits of his Welsh adherents. The elements, not being too propitious, did their best to daunt the enthusiasm of his audience by sweeping through the terraces with a pitiless downpour, and those who stuck it out, received little compensation in return. Mr. Baldwin, in a word, did nothing but damp still more any lingering ardour which might have survived.

Leaving aside his references to the commercial and economic depression of South Wales, as to which the Government, though it has been in office for five years has done little to improve or assist, he turned to foreign affairs and the so-called re-armament policy of the Government. "Most countries in the rest of the world are re-arming," said Mr. Baldwin, as though he were announcing some epoch-making discovery. They have been re-arming for at least four years, and only last Monday Mr. Neville Chamberlain could not deny the possibility that Germany spent eight hundred million pounds sterling last year and is spending a similar amount this year. Place on record that certain public men and a few newspapers including the *Saturday Review*, have informed the nation all these years of these facts and it is seen what a fatuous remark was the Prime Minister's.

"We ourselves ignored our defences for years in the hope of a general disarmament," continued

Mr. Baldwin. Who are the "We"? They are Mr. Baldwin and his dear friend and colleague, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. It is the grossest piece of impertinence on the part of the Prime Minister to attempt to foist the responsibility for the Government's deplorable abandonment of the safety of the realm on the shoulders of the electorate. They naturally believe—or did—that Ministers of the Crown were in possession of inside information denied to them, and if they cut down the armed forces of the Crown as an example or as an effort to bring about disarmament, they would never go so far as to jeopardise the national safety. Not only did Mr. Baldwin follow his Bolshevik-minded mentor in cutting down defences, but he did nothing to recover lost ground although Germany was re-arming on a prodigious scale. Nay, he even gave out entirely false information, though Lord Londonderry has declared publicly that he had the facts before him. If the electors place men in high office to do a job of work and they deliberately neglect it, the guilty parties are the Ministers, not the public.

NEGLECT OF DUTY

"We have decided and the electors have decided," goes on Mr. Baldwin complacently, "that we must repair our deficiencies." Smugly he adds, "I cannot, as Prime Minister, neglect the primary duty of Government, which is the defence of the people." What a priceless remark! It is the very thing he has neglected, the very primary duty he has utterly ignored, and has only reluctantly begun to repair because the solid elements in the nation created an uproar. No initiative came from Mr. Baldwin, who has been dragged along unwillingly because he was forced to it by public opinion. He admitted, in fact, that it was "forced on us though we have been reluctant to do it." Reluctant Mr. Baldwin has certainly been. With leaden and dilatory steps, when at last he found he could disregard his following no longer, he placed a lawyer, a genial but flaccid Party man, Sir Thomas Inskip, K.C., to wit, as the Minister in charge of National Defences!

TRIFLING WITH DEFENCE

What a gesture for a Prime Minister whose primary duty, as he says himself, was the Defence of the people! And how is this lawyer in charge of national defences repairing the immense deficiencies owing to the five years deliberate neglect of our bare safety? Well, Sir Thomas Inskip is



Mr. Winston Churchill believes in national defence. But does Sir Thomas Inskip, who is in charge of the National Defences?



These men are to blame for the criminal neglect of England's defences.

shifting a part of Woolwich Arsenal to less vulnerable sites. He is beginning to find a process of educating firms for a "formidable programme." He is not yet over the preliminary stages. Fifty-two new firms have been offered munition contracts and fourteen have accepted. In Germany every possible factory, numbered by hundreds, are working day and night, spending hundreds of millions, whilst we are negotiating for comparatively trifling contracts. Thus does Mr. Baldwin repair the "deficiencies," which grow rapidly wider and wider apart day by day.

It is extremely doubtful if the deficiency can be met, thanks to Mr. Baldwin's policy of the past. If Germany can spend 800 millions in 1935 and the same in 1936, how can we make up the arrears with a trivial increase of a few million pounds grudgingly put out and much of it wrongly allocated even then by the Bow and Arrow school? It could only be repaired in one way.

STORM CLOUDS

That way would be a recognition by the Government that the storm clouds ahead are so threatening as to need the very strongest measures. It is doubtful if the expenditure of one thousand million sterling would render us in a military sense in a position of security, so that war would be rendered a dangerous risk to any Continental Power. Yet such an expenditure would be a drop in the ocean compared to the tremendous catastrophe of the overwhelming defeat of Great Britain in a war which would not stop at the destruction and death of vast numbers of poor, patient, and betrayed civilian victims by the engines of war, but would pull down the entire economic fabric of our existence, based as it is on credit and extremely artificial.

Mr. Baldwin, in his oration, told his audience that we are a peace-loving people, and not easily provoked, but would fight to the last man if our liberties are encroached upon. By then most of his audience had melted away and these polemics had a chilly reception as they deserved. His audience appreciated the utter futility of such a remark, for how can the British nation in the next war, which it is said will come as a thief in the night, fight to the last man? If thousands and thousands of bombing planes in waves come over

and make of London and all other centres of life and movement masses of flame and poison gas, how can the last men fight? If our few hundred planes, outnumbered by the enemy by more than a hundred to one, fight heroically until they are shot down, for whom will be the sacrifice?

Is it not time and time enough that the British people realised the enormity of Mr. Baldwin's guilt? He has not merely allowed our defences to get in arrears, but deliberately, for reasons which are not convincing, put us in such plight that we cannot recover. Beyond this he has not yet even begun to make really serious preparations for war, whether in air-craft, or any other form of defences. No steps have been taken to mobilise our financial resources, no great national movement has started to raise recruits, and only last week Lord Hailsham, his Lord Chancellor, refused to contemplate any steps to encourage greater home production of foodstuffs. Mr. Baldwin, in his pursuit of disarmament and the chasing of the League of Nations "collective security" fraud, has deliberately gambled with the safety of every man, woman and child in these islands. He took over the hand of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and played it for enormous stakes which were not his. When it was called it proved to be a busted flush.

THE PRICE OF FOLLY

Mr. Baldwin, as his speech at Cardiff showed, convicts himself out of his own mouth. He has misled the British nation and they will have to pay the consequences of his folly, for folly must pay the price sooner or later. So complacent is he and so utterly oblivious to the true circumstances, to the ghastly menace which has been reared through his own neglect, to the vast forces which are being prepared for our undoing, that he leaves this mess in the hands of a legal forensic colleague to clear up.

It would have seemed impossible to any intelligent observer of world events that a great nation like Britain, mistress of the world at the end of the Great War, eighteen years later, should through the criminal folly of three politicians, Mr. Lloyd George, the first, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the second, and Mr. Baldwin, the last and, in a sense, the worse—for he was the trusted leader of the Conservative Party—have been brought to such a pass that if called on to defend herself in a great and sudden war, she would be totally unable to do so. Mr. Baldwin has a heavy responsibility before God. To-day, the nation can only ask the same question as did Isaiah in similar circumstances: "And the inhabitants of this Isle shall say in that day, Behold, how shall we escape?"

Direct subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

Poeta Nascitur

By Hamadryad

(Mr. Baldwin, in a recent speech, urged the universities to "conspire to produce more poets.")

The poet, rolling of his eye,
A prey to all the finer frenzies,
Knows not, he likes to tell you, why
He thinks the noble thoughts he pens. His
Spirit requires some secret urge,
Omitting which, no leaping strophes emerge.

By custom pent, but not by choice,
In Grub Street's bare but spacious attic,
Want is the thing that primes his voice,
And lends his lung the note ecstatic.
Enrich him and in vain he woos
The embraces of the temperamental Muse.

Like star dust from a spirit world,
The burning words come fairly hissing;
Once the Pandean pipe has skirled,
He never knows what meals he's missing,
What bowls that never yet dispersed
A pregnant poet's Heliconian thirst.

Not his the prosperous academe,
The Common Room's pedantic babel,
Where captious dons lap port like cream,
And guzzle grouse at the High Table,
And even the puling undergrad,
Pays for expensive meals he hasn't had.

I grant that in an older day
When scholarship perforce was frugal,
Cambridge bred bards that used to play
Lyres that outclassed the loudest bugle,
And even Oxford, though, as now,
A place for gents, could boast a laurelled brow.

But not to-day. As well expect
Nurslings of Eton or of Harrow
With rousing harp to re-inject
More pep into the British marrow,
Proclaiming it a noble thing
To go all out for country and for King.

As well expect some twittering posse
Of palsied Tory politicians,
Whose brains are overgrown with moss,
And sapped by senile inhibitions,
To tell the country all the truth,
Or lead a new crusade of England's youth.

Nay, Stanley, these are dismal days,
And those who march beneath the banners
Will never be inspired by lays
From weedy youths with woeful manners,
Whose poetry makes no pretence
To rhyme or rhythm or, very often, sense.

But somewhere—I've not met him yet—
Down under, p'raps, or scarce a mile hence,
Unknown, discouraged, sick, in debt,
But bound, at last, to break his silence,
Some great man-poet tunes a lyre
Whose ringing chords will set the world on fire.

TORTURED SPAIN

By Robert Machray

WE have many ties with Spain, and there is much that is attractive and even delightful about the country and its people. Certain of its cities have a romantic and unfading charm; there is magic in some of their very names, as, for instance, Granada and the Alhambra. But ever since King Alfonso left it Spain has been in an extremely unsettled state politically. Not, however, that unrest is anything very new there, for since the Civil War a century ago so many insurrections and changes of Government have occurred that Spain might well be called the classic land of revolution.

Politics are the curse of this tormented and tortured country, and the Spaniards appear to have lost whatever capacity they had for peace and order under any Government. Of late years this unfortunate characteristic has become more and more marked. And things have gone from bad to worse. The Republic which succeeded the monarchy in 1931 was, not unnaturally in the circumstances, well to the Left in its complexion, and made many drastic "reforms," particularly as regarded the Church and the tenure of land. These sweeping changes, so contrary to Spain's old traditions, aroused passionate resentment and bitter opposition.

"SAVIOUR OF SPAIN"

In 1933 the result was seen in the Elections, when a big swing to the Right clearly manifested itself, the former Left majority being reduced to a feeble minority. On that occasion Gil Robles, the chief of a widespread organisation, the Catholic Popular Action, was the outstanding figure, and many of his countrymen saluted him as the "Saviour of Spain." For two years the Conservatives were in office, and they cancelled not a few of the measures put in force by the previous Government, steps being taken to rescind the legislation hostile to the Church and to subject the Constitution to thoroughgoing revision.

An insurrection was engineered by the Socialists and extremists of the Left in the autumn of 1934—a very serious and sanguinary attempt at revolution, which was suppressed only with difficulty and heavy losses in lives and property. Atrocities of the most frightful nature were perpetrated by the revolutionaries. Many priests were murdered in cold blood and a class war was carried on with hideous intensity. **For the first time it was clearly evident that the Bolsheviks were at their ghastly work in Spain, and were trying with all their might to make it Red.**

Whether these Bolsheviks came from Moscow or, more probably, from Paris, where the Comintern has established its headquarters for Western Europe, matters not; it was the Soviet, whose other name is the Comintern or Third International, that was behind this whole tragic business. As was to

be expected, the Conservatives reacted, and thousands of the rebels were thrown into prison. Next, political scandals forced the Prime Minister, Llerroux, to resign, but as Robles hesitated to take the lead, President Zamora, who was out of sympathy with him, seized the opportunity to dissolve the Parliament, and kept a puppet in the Premiership.

Elections last February resulted in a rather unexpected majority for a combination calling itself the "Popular Front," as in France, consisting of Left-wing Republicans, Socialists, Communists and Syndicalists, with Red paint unmistakably splashed over most of them. Feeling ran high during the campaign, and when the victory of the Popular Front was known, rioting by the extremist elements went on in many localities, churches were desecrated and plundered, and numbers of people foully murdered. To restore order martial law—a "state of emergency"—was proclaimed, and the rioting subsided, but the Reds continued to plot for a Soviet Spain. The Government described itself as "pure Republican," and suppressed the small but influential Fascist Party in April. The brutal murder of Sotelo, the Royalist and Fascist leader, last week, added another dark touch to this sombre picture.

The foregoing narrative, short as it is, makes easily intelligible the origins of this new Civil War. A revolt of the Right, specifically depicted as military and Monarchist, against the régime suddenly broke out on Saturday last in Spanish Morocco with apparent success and, more doubtfully, in some of the principal centres of Spain.

COMMUNISM'S AIMS

The gravity of the situation was disclosed by the fact that in Madrid on Sunday, the Government was reconstructed three times in almost as many hours, with a different Prime Minister on each occasion. The latest Cabinet, with Giral as Premier, was more anti-Monarchist and anti-Fascist than its predecessors. It approved a *pronunciamento* of Cabellero, the Communist leader and a chief of the General Workers Union, ordering a general strike as a weapon against the Monarchists—a significant indication of the true nature of the Popular Front, and its sinister, disastrous aims.

What is certain regarding the actual struggle is that severe fighting, with many casualties on both sides and the fate of the Government trembling in the balance, continued throughout Sunday and Monday. On Monday night the Government broadcast that the revolt was "crushed," and some important successes were announced, but the conflict still went on in various quarters of Spain and the Monarchists were still in control of Morocco. It looks, however, as if the Reds would triumph, and the country be tortured afresh. Unhappy Spain!

Building More Warships— On Paper Only

By Periscope

SIR SAMUEL HOARE is qualifying for the job of the famous curate. Recently he produced an egg. It wasn't a bad egg—but it certainly wasn't a good egg. It was, in fact, the egg that one would expect. It took the form of a Supplementary Navy Estimate produced on the same day as those for the Army and Royal Air Force. Perhaps it was because Sir Samuel has been so short a time at the Admiralty that it was so small—a mere travesty even of a pullet's egg.

But, in his accompanying statement Sir Samuel made haste to explain that this was the second supplementary estimate and that, in any case, it wasn't as small as it looked.

It added to the shipbuilding programme for the year a total of sixteen ships—two cruisers, one flotilla leader and nine destroyers, one aircraft carrier, and four submarines. Moreover, it spoke of the acceleration of the building of ships now under construction.

All of which looks as if it were at least the beginning of that for which this country has been groping for years past—a truly energetic drive towards security. **Unfortunately, however, there are many snags.**

The total building programme for the year now consists, in its chief items, of two battleships, seven cruisers, two aircraft carriers, eighteen destroyers.

A YEAR WASTED

In the first place the battleships will not be begun until the beginning of next year. They cannot be, by a Government which persists in considering itself bound by a moribund treaty despite the fact that every condition operative when that treaty was signed has suffered undreamt of changes. The mere fact that there are seven capital ships building in Europe means nothing by comparison with adherence to the signature of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. That nearly every one of our existing battleships are twenty years old and that millions of good money have been, and must continue to be, spent upon patching up these relics, apparently means nothing. The new battleships will not be laid down until next year.

Worse, it has been announced that, when these sorely needed ships are finally laid down, they are to mount guns of 14 inches. Now the 14 inch gun is doubtless an excellent weapon—unless it happens to be pitted against a larger gun. It is already known that three of the seven capital ships at present building for European navies are to mount 15 inch guns. The United States has recently announced that the new battleships which she is to build are to carry 16 inch guns. It is a foregone conclusion that Japan will follow suit.

THUS THESE WONDERFUL NEW SHIPS OF OURS ARE TO BE THE INFERIORS IN THE ALL IMPORTANT MATTER OF GUN POWER OF THE EQUIVALENT SHIPS OF FOREIGN NAVIES.

The 1936 naval programme, as revised by the latest supplementary estimate, provides for the building of seven cruisers. In other words, it will, when completed, go one better than the intention of the moment, which is to scrap five cruisers of the "C" class in deference to a Treaty provided with a perfectly good emergency exit—an exit to which Mr. Baldwin, in idiotic travesty of Nelson, persists in turning the blind eye.

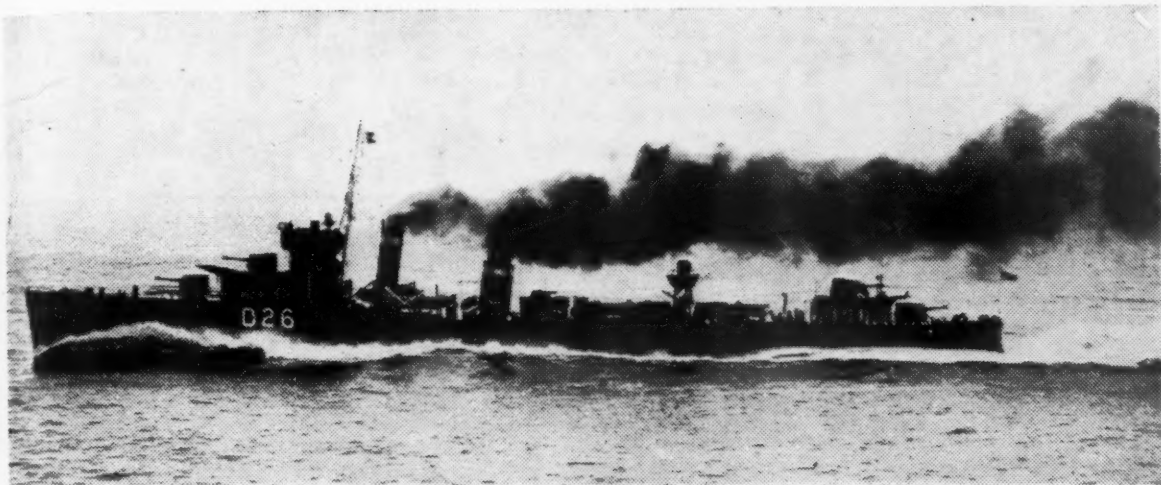
FEWER GUNS

Only two of the seven cruisers of the new programme are to be ships of a size comparable to the cruiser construction of the other naval powers, and even these are to carry three fewer six-inch guns than the foreign ships. The other five ships are to be of a new type of 5,000 tons. If one may take our new cruisers of the Arethusa class as a precedent, these ships will mount half-a-dozen six-inch guns. They will, in fact, be 2,000 tons smaller and weaker by two guns than the cruisers of the Leander class. Yet it is not so long ago that a First Lord of the Admiralty stood bravely before the assembled House of Commons and explained that more powerful ships than the Leander class were required to match the cruiser building of other nations. He demanded an alteration of the current programme to enable larger ships carrying more guns to be built.

The cruiser construction of every naval power has increased rather than decreased in the interval. Yet to-day we are to build ships far smaller and weaker than those which were lately characterised by a First Lord of the Admiralty as "definitely inferior" to the ships of other navies.

Nor is this the end of the story. Seven cruisers are undoubtedly included in the programme for the current financial year. But a detailed examination of the estimates will show that no monetary provision whatever has been made for the construction of three of the ships. In the days before everybody was aware of the grave emergency into which our naval neglect was bringing us, we became used to this authorising of ships without the authorisation of money with which to build them. In those days ships authorised in one programme were laid down three parts of the way through the following year. Is there any guarantee that the Government are going to lay these ships down before the end of next summer? On paper there is certainly none.

It is the same with the aircraft carriers. One



Two flotillas of destroyers are to be built this year. One, for some unexplained reason, will be a reversion to the old and smaller type of destroyer.

was included in the original programme — published with the presentation of the first naval supplementary estimate at the end of April. Now a second ship of this type is added to the programme. Yet, not only has the first ship not been laid down, but not one penny has been provided for her construction (this estimate is supposed to provide for funds required right up to the end of March, 1937). It appears, therefore, that both these aircraft carriers are to remain "on paper" until the middle of next year, and then "under construction" for a couple of years. The Navy will, in fact, be lucky if it gets these ships before 1940—23 years after our best aircraft carriers were first completed—in the guise of cruisers. Yet it may be remembered that the Government White Paper on Defence stated that a new aircraft carrier would definitely be laid down "in the near future." That was nearly six months ago. . . .

Two flotillas of destroyers are to be built this year. Here again we see the fatalism and defeatism which pervades Whitehall. At the end of last year an extra destroyer flotilla was ordered. The flotilla was to comprise larger vessels, of considerably greater fighting power than our previous destroyers, in order to balance the continued building of large and powerful "super-destroyers" by other countries. This year, of the two flotillas to be built, one is to be of the larger and more powerful type. The second flotilla is to be a reversion to the old and smaller type of destroyer. The reversion is not explained. It would be hard to explain in face of the fact that other naval powers continue to build larger and more powerful vessels of this type.

TORPEDO BOATS NEGLECTED

There is another matter which appears somewhat astonishing. That is the fact that no provision is made in the new supplementary estimate for an increase in the number of high-speed motor torpedo boats. Ministers and others have prated of the lessons which have been learnt during the past inglorious months in the near east. If there was one arm which gave the naval staff more to think of than any other it was the large numbers of high-

speed motor torpedo boats at the disposal of Italy. This was reflected in the fact that last year we authorised six of these vessels. The first of these have already been delivered—His Majesty went for a trip in one during his recent visit to Portsmouth. A second batch of six were authorised under the supplementary estimate of April—but have not yet been ordered. And none are included in the new supplementary estimate.

In view of the fact that the second supplementary estimate was issued with the avowed intention of speeding up naval rearmament, it seems strange that those things which can be done quickly are neglected.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

In the statement accompanying the new supplementary estimate, Sir Samuel Hoare speaks of the acceleration of the construction of ships now building. But if one goes further than the fly-leaf, one will find that only two ships—both cruisers—are being so accelerated. The much vaunted acceleration is, in fact, to cost little more during the current financial year than the additions to the programme. **The latter are to cost a mere £150,000 between now and the end of March next. This for two cruisers, nine destroyers, an aircraft carrier, and four submarines. . . . Well may one say: "Much ado about nothing."**

As much money is to be spent upon enlarging plant for the manufacture of armour and guns. This, added to the fact that the present year's programme is designed to clear away much of the building of cruisers and light craft before battle-ship replacement is seriously undertaken, is a measure of the negligence of the Government in past years. Nor is the Admiralty free from blame in this matter. We have had many a plaint from Admiral as well as politician regarding the iniquitous burden of the Naval Treaty of London. Yet it appears that steps were not taken during those lean years to prepare plant for the inevitable arms scramble or to clear the building of small craft out of the way. So now the public is asked to bear the double burden.

REDS THREATEN OUR KING

By Meriel Buchanan

UNDERGROUND activities in this and other monarchist countries are being subsidised by Russia. True to its threat to "liquidate" all Royalty, the Soviet is encouraging propaganda of a most pernicious and dangerous kind.

Exactly eighteen years have passed since the murder of the Tsar of Russia with his wife and five children, in that dark, dank cellar at Ekaterinberg. Those years have seen the fall of many monarchies; Belgian and Britain are now the bulwarks against the creeping red menace.

They are threatened.

In a speech made by a Jewish Communist in France not very long ago the following words were greeted with tremendous applause: "We are the supreme masters of Peace and War. . . . So far we have succeeded in overthrowing most of the thrones of Europe; the rest will follow in the near future. Russia has already worshipped our rule. France, with her Masonic Government, is under

our thumb. . . . Spain and Mexico are toys in our hands. Many other countries, including the U.S.A., have already fallen before our schemes."

Those words are ominous. "We have already succeeded in overthrowing most of the thrones of Europe. The rest will follow in the near future."



Stalin, the Soviet Dictator, would "liquidate" all Royalty.



Leopold, King of the Belgians

The thrones of Russia, of Germany, of Austria and Spain have fallen; but for Signor Mussolini the throne of Italy would have followed, and now the full brunt of this insidious, evil attack is to be directed against England and Belgium and two young Sovereigns are the chief enemies of the forces of darkness—Edward of England and Leopold of Belgium. They personify greatness and integrity, uprightness, honour, good faith and justice, qualities which are hated and despised by those miscreants and murderers who plot and scheme to gain control of Europe, who hope one day to extend their foul and bloodthirsty rule from Russia over Germany and France and Belgium, and eventually over England.



King Edward VIII of England

DID NOT THE PROGRAMME OF THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL, PUBLISHED LAST YEAR, INCLUDE THE THREAT THAT THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND WERE TO BE "LIQUIDATED," AND IS NOT THE POLITE WORD "LIQUIDATE" MERELY A PSEUDONYM FOR "MURDER"?

The "liquidation" or "murder" of the Russian Imperial family was the foulest, the most terrible crime the world has ever known. It was done with the full connivance and knowledge of the Kremlin, and Stalin, the present head of the Soviet State, was one of the chief instigators, for it was he who warned the other members of the Government that as long as the Tsar lived the White Armies would continue their desperate struggle to liberate him and replace him on the throne. Only the total disappearance of the whole Imperial family, Stalin insisted, would quell the counter revolutionary activities and make the Soviet State immune.

And now Stalin has once more become reconciled to Trotsky, and, through him, controls the Fourth International, created by Trotsky, an organisation more deadly and virulent than the Third International, more violent in its demands, more dangerous in its threat to civilisation.

Trotsky has always stood for the more extreme and ferocious elements of Bolshevism. Where Stalin has been known as the "Man of Steel," Trotsky has been given the name of the "Man of Flame." His aim has always been world

"So far we have succeeded in overthrowing most of the thrones of Europe—THE REST WILL FOLLOW IN THE NEAR FUTURE." — A leading Communist

revolution, his doctrine has been terrorism; he has always preached the need of destruction and intimidation. As long as he was an outcast from the Bolshevik Party, as long as he and Stalin were at enmity with each other, working in opposition, he was a negligible danger, but now these two personifications of evil have once again become united, Stalin has adopted the doctrines of the Fourth International, and the danger to European security has increased.

THE RED HAND

It is rumoured that Russia has spent £1,000,000 in propaganda in Spain and France and Belgium. In Palestine the headquarters of a Communist centre have been discovered, and papers have been found connecting this organisation with Moscow. Czecho-Slovakia and Roumania are permeated with Russian propaganda and bound by ties of friendship and alliance with Russia; Spain is in the throes of revolution; France seething with unrest, lies under the thrall of a Communist Government. **THE HAND OF MOSCOW IS EVERYWHERE; IT IS STRETCHING OUT NOW ACROSS THE SEA, STRIVING TO GAIN A STRANGLE-HOLD ON THIS ISLAND WHICH HAS ALWAYS PRIDED ITSELF ON ITS IMMUNITY FROM THE FORCES OF DISRUPTION.**

EVIL FORCES

These events may, however, have one good result, for they may waken England to the realisation of danger, they may stir the people from their smug self-satisfaction and supine indifference. We are so apt to say that these things never happen in England, we are so prone to belittle the threats of Communism and treat them as melodramatic nonsense. But every English man and woman should remember that the same evil forces which planned the downfall of the Russian Empire and perpetrated the foul murder at Ekaterinberg are now working for the destruction of this country.

They will use every foul and criminal means in their power. If they cannot strike in one way they will strike in another. Already I have heard the insidious whisper that plots against this country are being engineered by Italy, an infamous and vile insinuation, that bears out what I have said before, that the evil forces which are working against us will, when occasion presents itself, make use of an *agent provocateur* to embroil us in a war and in this way bring about the world revolution.

ITALY STRIVES FOR

ONE of the fears most commonly expressed in Great Britain, France and other countries during the last twelve-month has been that Italy's Abyssinian enterprise would prevent her from playing any part in European affairs for a long time, and that Germany would be left a free hand to "do her damndest." Then, when the sanctionist policy was in full swing, it was feared that Italy would become so closely associated with Germany that Europe would again be divided into two camps, and that Austrian independence would be allowed to go by the board.



DR. SCHUSCHNIGG, the Austrian Chancellor, who has collaborated with Hitler and Mussolini for the good of his country.

The course of events however, has, as usual, belied the forecasts about Italy. Even while deeply engaged in her Abyssinian campaign, she by no means neglected European affairs; she maintained a larger force under arms at home in East Africa, and she never ceased to keep watch on her European frontiers and beyond.

Her intimacy with Germany did increase, but can anyone, especially in Great Britain and France, be surprised? While fifty-two nations were trying, fortunately in vain, to starve and strangle her, she

By **COMMENDATORE**
LUIGI VILLARI

naturally extended her economic relations with non-sanctionist countries, particularly with Germany and the United States, and from them she purchased the goods she needed and to them she sold the exports to which the fifty-two (or at least some of them) closed their doors.

Germany secured Italy's gratitude as well as her trade, but it did not follow that for the sake of Germany Italy dreamed of sacrificing Austria, to whom also her gratitude is due, for Austria, although a member of the League of Nations, refused to be bullied or bribed into applying sanctions against Italy.

The independence of Austria has always been a primary Italian interest, even if by no means exclusively an Italian one, for neither Great Britain, nor France, nor Czechoslovakia, nor Hungary can have any wish to see Austria absorbed by Germany.

Italy has taken advantage of her intimacy with Germany not to the detriment of Austrian independence, but to re-inforce it, by promoting the recent agreement between the two Germanic nations, and by inducing the Reich to renounce the *Anschluss* policy and to abstain from fomenting directly or indirectly internal disorders in Austria calculated to bring about the *Anschluss*.

Those who are ever suspicious of Germany will say that she is not to be trusted; but it is surely more probable that she will refrain from forcing the *Anschluss* on an unwilling Austria now that she is bound by an international agreement not to do so than would have been the case had she undertaken no such commitment.

From a general point of view, British and French public opinion may regret this increased intimacy between Italy and Germany, although it was indeed the direct result of the sanctions policy and the violently anti-Italian attitude of, at all events, the British Government towards Italy's East African policy. But it cannot be claimed that the first fruits of this intimacy have been other than beneficial, not that it appears directed against other Powers.

When, in 1932, Signor Mussolini was trying to achieve a better understanding with France, he felt that a purely Franco-Italian agreement might appear directed against Germany, just as an eventual intimacy between the latter Power and Italy might appear directed against France.

A STABLE EUROPEAN PEACE COULD THEREFORE ONLY BE BASED, IN HIS VIEW, ON A STABLE UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN ALL THE GREAT EUROPEAN POWERS, GREAT BRITAIN, ITALY, FRANCE AND GERMANY. HENCE THE

PEACE IN EUROPE



HITLER and MUSSOLINI have reached agreement regarding Austria's independence, thus solving one of Europe's gravest problems—without the help of the League of Nations.

FOUR-POWER PACT OF 1933, WHICH PRECEDED THE SPECIAL FRANCO-ITALIAN AGREEMENT OF JANUARY, 1935.

Although the course of subsequent events disintegrated the Four-Power Pact—not through Italy's fault—yet it has always remained in the Duce's mind as the ideal arrangement, the only one capable of effecting a real *détente* in Europe to-day.

THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP

Mr. Eden's policy towards Italy seemed designed to destroy British-Italian friendship, the mainspring of the Four-Power Pact, for ever, but even in this it has failed, for Italy is prepared on her part to re-establish that friendship as soon as she is convinced that the British Government desires it—the British people almost certainly do desire it already. *But there must be evidence that it is desired in official quarters.* Sanctions have disappeared, the Home Fleet is about to be withdrawn from the Mediterranean, but there still remain the flotsam and jetsam of the sanctionist policy in the shape of the naval agreements with the lesser Mediterranean Powers.

Why these agreements still survive is not easy to understand. They were, nominally at least, conceived to protect the British Fleet in the Mediterranean from the absolutely imaginary danger of an Italian attack on it in connection with the sanctions policy. **NOW THAT THAT POLICY HAS BEEN WASHED OUT, WHY RETAIN THE USELESS BUT IRRITATING PIN-PRICK POLICY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN?**

No-one ever believed that those agreements would be of the slightest use—they are merely *tela sine ictu*—yet as long as they survive Italy cannot be expected to resume cordial co-operation with those who conceived them and who continue to maintain them.

There is nothing which Italy desires less than to see Europe divided once more into two armed and hostile camps. It is very unlikely that any of the peoples of Europe have such a desire. Those Governments which are trying to create that situation or whose actions and attitudes unconsciously help to create it are incurring a very grave responsibility before their own peoples and before Europe as a whole. But it is to be fervently hoped that in this too, as in their other policies, they will fail and that the common sense of the great nations of Europe will prevail.

A DIFFERENT OUTCOME WOULD ONLY BE OF BENEFIT TO ONE POWER—SOVIET RUSSIA. THE EXAMPLE OF WHAT IS HAPPENING IN SPAIN, AND TO SOME EXTENT EVEN IN FRANCE, SHOULD MAKE EVEN THE MOST FATUOUS POLITICIANS PAUSE.

Italy herself need have no such feeling of responsibility, for she has done all in her power to avert a new world catastrophe, even when she was goaded almost to madness. But fortunately, her leader and her people never lost their heads. The recent Austro-German agreement, which was largely due to her action, is a further Italian contribution towards European reconstruction and has greatly enhanced her international prestige.

LET OTHERS NOW DO THEIR PART.



THE LATE TSAR OF RUSSIA
was murdered on July 16th, 1918.

SUPPOSE KILLED

By . . .

“HISTORICUS”

end the governing régime at the very moment when the warring bodies of Communism and Fascism hunger for conflict.

TO WHAT RED HELL?

Germany, armed and powerful, watching every move that may be to the advantage of its own desired expansion, would see Britain following France into the pit of dissolution. Hitler would strike—and would be justified in striking—at the monster of Bolshevism which none but he and his fellow Dictator Mussolini seem to have the courage to combat.

The British people, doped and drugged by the complacent Parliamentarians who follow the MacDonald-Baldwin Siamese twins, seem to imagine that theirs is a divine heritage which nothing earthly can attack.

It is a dangerous illusion.

Bombs from the air, assassins' bullets from the ground, will be as potent in Britain as in any other country which does not take adequate steps to protect itself from the one and cleanse itself from the other.

While we permit the land to be soaked by the pernicious propaganda from Moscow, which teaches the death of Kings and the end of religion, while we permit tools and dupes of Bolshevism to walk the streets, while we go to great lengths to secure for such vipers the most gentle of treatment when their nefarious designs are revealed—while we organise our social life to

ON July 16th, 1918, the Tsar of Russia and his family were brutally murdered.

On July 16th, 1936, the whole nation was shocked by the report that an attempt had been made on the King's life.

The arrested man is still on trial: his case cannot be legally prejudiced by a discussion of his motives or his past history.

BUT WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE MURDER OF THE TSAR, THE KING OF ENGLAND HAD BEEN MURDERED?

Spain has been engulfed, France and Belgium have been drenched in Bolshevism. The next obvious target for Red revolt is Britain—the avowed enemy which Moscow has always desired to disrupt.

If our King were assassinated, the result would be chaos. With Europe in so precarious a balance, the murder of a monarch would be a torch to the powder.

The disruptive elements, the Red Cells with which our industry and society are infested, would emerge. There would be at best a period of violent civil disruption, and at worst a coup which might

E THEY ED THE KING!

the full benefit of our social enemies—we may continue to expect at any moment the precipitation of that chaos which is the desire of the Reds.

MEN WHO DESIRE TO THROW BRITAIN INTO COMPLETE DISRUPTION WILL NOT SCRUPLE TO KILL A KING TO ENSURE THE CHAOS THEY DESIRE.

They will not care what instruments they use, whether those instruments be aware of their purpose or not.

You cannot permit citizens to be debauched by the damnable teachings of the men who murdered the Tsar and then expect security.

Britain must awake and clear from her midst the whole nest of disruptive agents whose sole object is to destroy the monarchy and to ruin the system by which alone Britain can live.

PURGE BRITAIN!

It is time that our leaders stirred themselves and declared their open intention of ending the alliance with Russia which grew with the friendship of Litvinoff and Eden. It is time they purged Britain from disruption and linked our fortunes with those two nations who have already ended in their own confines the Communistic disease which still gnaws at British loins.

If the present leaders cannot give Britain security from its possible foes abroad and at home let them give place to better men.

Away with these spineless puppets who have feared to purge Bolshevism from our land and who have feared to arm us against foes abroad.

It is the prerogative of the King to choose his Ministers.

A WHOLE EMPIRE TO-DAY PRAYS THAT HE WILL CHOOSE MEN ABOUT HIM DETERMINED TO THWART THE ENEMIES OF HIS PEOPLE, MEN WHO



H.I.M. THE LATE TSARINA OF RUSSIA

WILL HAVE NO TRUCK WITH RUSSIA, WHO WILL NOT FOR FEAR OF OFFENDING RUSSIAN DIPLOMATS REFUSE TO WHIP FROM OUR MIDST THOSE AGENTS OF RUSSIA WHO PLOT OUR DOWNFALL.

A too-tender Press and a too-timid bureaucracy may try to make light of our peril in case "the public is alarmed."

But the public should be alarmed.

It should know the truth.

*Upon the king!—let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins lay on the king! He must bear all.
Oh hard condition, twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own
wringing!*

*What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect
That private men enjoy.*

Shakespeare: King Henry V.

Eve in Paris

A NAME now often mentioned is that of Jacques Doriot, who has just founded the party Populaire Français and the paper *L'Emancipation Nationale*, in which he has written a rousing article asking: "Frenchmen, is Stalin your master?" He receives with equanimity the insult hurled by his enemies, "Renegade." "Yes," replies the big man calmly, "I am a renegade."

Doriot, like Mussolini, was a blacksmith's son. Like the great Italian also, he became in early life a Socialist.

The Russian revolution had excited the imagination of many young minds who believed it would end tyranny, inaugurate liberty and the brotherhood of man. Doriot left his metal-working, went to Russia, learned his lesson there. He saw tyranny triumphant, realised that Internationalism was a myth and that the Communists of France worked against their country at Stalin's bidding. He seceded from the party.

Elected Mayor of St. Denis, he found strenuous work to do. In that wretched quarter huge factories abounded. Near-by stood the great abbey where over 700 years ago the emancipation of serfs had been proclaimed, but the lot of their descendants showed little improvement. These workers lived under appalling conditions and disease was rife. Light and water were lacking in most dwellings, and breathing spaces non-existent.

Unemployment came to aggravate the situation. Doriot organised relief, food tickets, distribution of clothes; agitated until new streets were built; replaced horrible tenements. He promoted child-welfare, instituted crèches; a new model school with playgrounds was erected for the eleven thousand youngsters of the town; holiday colonies by the sea received happy child visitors.

Doriot accomplished this wonderful work with scant resources, gaining his community's adoration. He is a man of the people, not an intellectual grand bourgeois like Blum, a little bourgeois like Marx, or a lawyer like Cachin. He talks to the masses in the language they understand; and his aim is to protect them from Russian propaganda and its terrible results.

* * *

FEW serious incidents marked the great national festival, July 14th. Seven thousand *gardes mobiles* and three thousand police, drafted into Paris, kept the peace.

A splendid spectacle was offered to the people in the great military revue held by the President of the Republic before the Grand Palais. The army is essentially modern with its mechanised artillery, tanks, and motor *mitrailleuses*, was impressive in force and discipline, and acclaimed by

innumerable crowds. Two hundred aeroplanes demonstrated in the sunshine.

M. Lebrun entertained at luncheon Marshal Pétain, General Gouraud (Governor of Paris); General Nollet (Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour) and members of the Government, including M. Cot, Minister of Air, who has just seen fit to give Moscow the secret of Gun No. 23. Later the President of the Council and the Ministers departed to preside over the great demonstration of the Front Populaire at the Place de la Nation.

* * *

THE Arènes de Lutèce, the ancient Roman Amphitheatre on the left bank of the Seine, was the scene of a free performance of "Danton," a play by Romain Rolland, the famous writer who received the Nobel prize in 1915. An immense audience gathered in the ruined building under the great trees, loud-speakers carrying the voices of the actors to the furthest seats. When the President of the Council and Maurice Thorez made their appearance the performance stopped to allow the singing of the Internationale by the public, the actors joining in and saluting M. Blum with raised fists.

A fine drama, but a curious choice, perhaps, for the national holiday that celebrates the taking of the Bastille and the downfall of the old régime, as the picture it paints of the young revolutionists, venal, scheming, fighting, betraying each other, is not a pleasant one. In Danton's own words "the Tribune had become an arena of gladiators."

The play shows us the ferocious hatred existing between Danton and Robespierre "the incorruptible," and when the latter has his enemy arrested he declares, referring to Danton's licentious life and suspected dishonesty, "the Republic will never be pure until her Government is pure," to which another character replies scoffingly, "the Republic will never be pure until the Republic exists no longer." An ominous speech.

* * *

THE French, it is said, although their hearts may lean to the Left, keep their pocket-books to the Right. A new loan has been issued and M. Vincent Auriol, Minister of Finance, tried in dulcet tones, radio-diffused, to charm the small investor's savings into his Treasury, but the hoarded wealth remains hidden and the banks will again have to come to the Government's aid.

The Senate has passed the statute democratising the Bank of France, and the Government is anxious to speed up the bill dealing with the nationalisation of war industries (at the cost of one milliard).

So ends the disastrous season which the election of the Common Front heralded. Strikes and disturbances frightened away tourists and commerce faced bankruptcy.

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A Humble Sportsman

By Dan Russell

ON a wintry morning twenty years ago, a very excited small boy was hurrying along a country lane in Gloucestershire. His face was red and shining and he panted as he ran. He knew there was no need for haste but he could not contain himself; he was going to realise one of the dreams of his short life, he was going to his first meet of hounds. Only a week ago he had come from London to live in the West Country and to-day hounds were meeting at Latterwood Pike.

peculiar. He wore a hunting cap, two sizes too big for him and a faded scarlet coat which had obviously been made for a much larger man. His nether parts were encased in rough cord breeches and leather gaiters. Crossways over his shoulder he carried a stirrup leather like a Sam Browne.

He came up to the small boy and touched his cap. "Marnin sir," he said.

The lad flushed with pleasure. Never before had he been addressed as sir.



Hounds arriving for the meet, eager to get to work.

He knew he would have two hours to wait, but he was much too excited to wait at home.

He reached the ruined cottage which had been the toll-keeper's house and sat down on a pile of stones. He was of course the first arrival. He whiled away the time by throwing stones at the telegraph posts. He had been there an hour when he heard steps on the roadway and turned to see a quaint figure advancing towards him.

It was an elderly little man, wizened and shrunken. His face was as brown as a nut. Short side-whiskers adorned his shrunken cheeks. His eyes were brown and shrewd. His dress was

"Good morning," he replied, "this is where the hounds meet, isn't it? I don't want to miss it. I've never been to a meet before."

The little man cocked an enquiring eyebrow. "Never bin out afore!" he exclaimed. "Well, look 'ee now, do 'ee bide with I to-day an' I'll show 'ee the way around. But first I'd better tell 'ee a bit about it."

He seated himself on the pile of stones and filled his pipe. Then he began to talk. Rough as was his speech he held his listener enthralled. He told of the art of hunting a pack of hounds, of the stratagems of the fox, of its life and habits. He spoke with the certainty of one whose know-

ledge comes from experience, from long study of the things of which he spoke.

The minutes flew by unheeded. Hounds arrived and the roadway was filled with horses and men. The little man seemed well-known to everyone. The Master flung him a cheery greeting and most of the scarlet-coated followers had a word and a smile for him. And when the hounds moved off to draw, a small boy was not forgotten.

"Do 'ee come wi' I, sir, us be gwine to see some sport to-day." Together they trotted off after the hounds. And that was how I first met Reuben Froster, the hunt runner.

Of the day that followed I have no clear recollection. But I do know that my new friend piloted me to where I saw the fox break covert. When they killed him we were close at hand and I was given a pad. It was a tired but very happy little boy who limped home that evening.

I saw Reuben often after that, and our acquaintance deepened into friendship. He lived, I discovered, in a little wooden hut above the village. He was seldom at home during the day, for wherever hounds were meeting Reuben would be there. To the distant meets he would set off on the previous day and sleep the night in a barn or under a hay rick. All day he would be running with them and often after a hard day he would have to walk twenty miles home. He was, I found, unpaid by the Hunt, but he managed to collect a few shillings by opening gates or holding horses.

Regularly once a week I climbed the hill to his tiny hut. We drank strong black tea and talked of the birds and beasts of the countryside. He

had an amazing wealth of lore about the wild creatures and their ways. I can see him now, sitting in his windsor chair, pipe between his lips, his eyes sparkling as he recounted some of the feats of his youth.

He seldom or never went into the town, very rarely did he enter the village. He was content with his lonely life. Often we two would be out at night watching the badgers at their earths. He would give hours of his time and expect no payment beyond a pipe of tobacco.

To all weak or wounded things he was gentleness itself. Did any dog or cat fall sick in the village no one dreamed of sending for the vet. Reuben was always called in and he generally managed to effect a cure.

The years went by but old Reuben did not seem to change. There was no trace of grey in his black thatch. His stride was as firm as ever. I left the village and for four years I heard nothing of him, for he was no letter-writer.

Early this year I returned to that peaceful Cotswold valley to attend the old man's funeral. He had taken cold, they told me, and had gone off "all sudden like."

It was a grey, misty day. The little churchyard was wet and miserable. Only a few of us were there. There were only two wreaths, for he had no relatives. As the coffin was being lowered a thin drizzle swept the valley and blotted out the surrounding hills. Hastily the sexton shovelled in the earth and we left my old friend in the green earth he had loved so well. So passed a link with an older England.



Supreme for 200 years
BOOTH'S
DRY GIN
THE ONLY
Matured GIN

*Its unequalled
flavour & purity
are traditional*

RACING

Wanted—A French Form Book

By David Learmonth

A SHORT time ago I made the suggestion that the indispensable Ruff's Guide should once more publish a full return of French results and that the publishers of weekly form books should issue—at an extra charge if necessary—a full summary of the past week's French racing.

As anyone who sets up in the prophecy business likes to find his prognostications come true, I was delighted to read last Sunday that owners and trainers were becoming very perturbed at the number of French horses which were being brought over here to run in handicaps and whose form was quite unknown to the average race-goer. I presume the form is also unknown to the owners and trainers, or they would not be so perturbed.

It is perfectly true that never before have French horses been imported in such numbers, which is strange, considering that the rate of exchange is so adverse to us. There are, I think, several reasons. One is the fact to which I have already referred, which makes purchasers think, with some justification, that they will be able to place these horses advantageously in English Handicaps. It would not be possible but for the fact that handicappers seem to have abrogated the old unwritten rule which made them give an unknown horse in a handicap top weight or thereabouts.

Rush to Buy

Another reason is undoubtedly fashion. There has been a mad rush to buy these French horses, particularly hurdle racers and steeplechasers, which are bred on quite different lines from ours, lines which, in my opinion, are more suitable than ours for steeplechasing in France and less suitable than ours for steeplechasing over here. Most French jumpers are bred on flat-racing lines. It is true that a number of ours are to-day. In fact a great many have graduated from the flat. But the Golden Millers and the Reynoldstowns are bred rather differently.

This is not so apparent to-day, as there is no outstanding sire of jumpers in Ireland. But when such stallions as Zria and Southannon were prominent at the stud, and several others in a lesser way, this was a very obvious fact.

Two other reasons which have made owners turn to France to replenish their stables are the shortage of promising material in Ireland and the colossal prices asked for likely young steeplechasers and the fact that the French do not appreciate sprint races on the flat as much as we do. It is consequently possible to buy a sprinter in France cheaper than a horse of equal capabilities would cost in England. It is only fair to say, however, that many of the horses which have been coming over lately have been performers over longer distances.

Having explained the situation and attempted to give some reasons for it, I will renew my plea for an addition to the form book. I imagine that

French racing returns have not hitherto been published because there was not sufficient demand for this information and because it would, in any case, be meaningless to most people.

The first objection must have disappeared and with it goes the second, because the more French horses that run over here the more lines students of form have when perusing the French returns.

For example, if we want to look up the performances of an animal recently imported and can only find references to unknown horses, we shall be none the wiser. But if we see that at, say Le Tremblay on a certain date it beat a horse also in England by so many lengths, we shall have learned something. We shall have also learned something if we find it beat a horse which in turn beat another horse whose form is known in England. Thus, the more French horses run over here the more useful will be the French form book.

The most important race of last week was, of course, the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park. This is often the most valuable race of the year, though this year it was not, being worth only £8,716, a low figure for this event.

It was not that Lord Astor's Rhodes Scholar won which impressed everyone so much, but the smashing style in which he won it. Already, in fact, people are talking of him in superlatives, and he is said to be almost unbackable for the St. Leger.

A Sane View

Rhodes Scholar certainly won as he pleased, he is undoubtedly a good horse, and he may well win the St. Leger. Before letting one's enthusiasm run away with one, however, it is just as well to examine the Eclipse Stakes form.

It is true that Theft and Thankerton were behind the winner, but Thankerton has most certainly gone off since the Derby and his running was too bad to have been anything near his best form. Theft had not had a race for a long time and may have needed this one. If the form he showed were really his best then Rhodes Scholar must be an exceptional horse.

But when we consider the three-year-olds which were first and second we realise that if Rhodes Scholar is to have any pretensions to Classic form, he must beat them with ease. His Grace, who failed miserably in the Grand Prix de Paris which may have been too far for him, is not my idea of a classic colt and neither is His Majesty's Faïrey, who was ridden right out to get third place.

Still, I do not wish to detract from Rhodes Scholar's performance, merely to view it sanely. I cannot help wishing that Fair Trial's Lingfield outing had not stumped him up and that he had gone to the post at Sandown fit and well. With Mr. Dewar's colt in the field we should really have known what the form was worth.

We invite our readers
to write to us expressing
their views on
matters of current
:: :: interest :: ::

WHAT OUR

Correspondents who wish their letters published in the following issue are requested to arrange for them to reach us by the first post on Monday morning.

The Leader We Want

MADAM,—

The vital need for Britain and the British Empire to-day is to have a real leader. The names of various people have been suggested. Very few would pass the test, as they do not possess ALL the basic qualifications which to my mind are necessary in a Real Leader. As Signor Mussolini is the outstanding personality in World Affairs and has united the Italian people by the very simple method of considering the whole Italian nation as one large family, and so has organised and treats the nation on family lines, may I suggest that we take him as a model with which to test the qualifications of our new Leader?

What He Must Be

The basic qualifications of our new British Leader, in my view, are that:—

- (1) He must be a father of a family, and have at least three children. All members of the national family of the British Empire would be put "on their honour" to work harmoniously with each other, for the benefit of all and do nothing which is not of credit to the family. In this way friendly unity and co-operation, real comradeship and real Christianity will result in every member of the family following the lead of our present King, who when he was Prince of Wales, spoke these words, "ALL for Each and EACH for ALL."
- (2) He must have fended for himself—that is earned his living by his own efforts so that he really understands what work is and the conditions of labour from a practical point of view.
- (3) He must be straight in all his dealings, and able to withstand corruption and temptation of power, position or wealth.
- (4) He must have volunteered for active service and so have proved his loyalty to the King and British Empire, and his moral and physical courage. He must have seen real active service as a combatant, and served in the front line, or at sea or in the air, and have been under rifle, machine gun or shell-fire for at least three continuous days—and so risked his very life for his King and Country. (Air and Naval men excepted from the three days' limit.)
- (5) He must be decisive, firm and resolute.
- (6) He must possess organising abilities and have the power of weighing up men and seeing into their very souls so that he can select helpers who do not seek personal gain, advantage or privilege.
- (7) He must be a doer not a talker.

A Free Vote

Your readers may suggest further necessary qualifications or amendments to my short list. In this way we could obtain a complete list of the vital qualifications of a Real Leader for the British Empire.

We would then be able to obtain a steel-tempered Leader.

When we have found him—or have weeded out the candidates—we could refer their names and qualifications to the country for their final selection.

This obtained by a free vote we could petition our King to appoint our Selected Leader as the Constitutional Leader and Head of the State of the British Government.

Something must be done to restore Britain's prestige and save the British Empire from disintegration.

S. BRUCE SMITH.

84, George Street,
Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

Give Us a Leader

MY LADY,—

As a new reader of your paper, I must congratulate you upon its very enterprising and patriotic spirit.

For a long time the public have wanted a journal that is fearless and outspoken in its views, not pandering to any political clique, and the *Saturday Review* conforms to this very standard.

With the world in the danger of another terrible upheaval, I trust you will continue to expose the follies of our politicians, who obviously have not the backbone our ancestors had. If only we had a Pitt, or a Palmerston, a Salisbury, or a Disraeli, men of great vision, and energetic in their decisions vitally affecting the lives of the people of this country, we should have nothing to fear from that ever-spreading Socialism and Communism that is eating and destroying the life of the great British nation.

Perhaps at some future date, before it is too late, a man will arise and conduct the affairs of Britain and the British Empire as they should be conducted.

Meanwhile, all praise to your efforts to arouse the nation to the danger to which it is being continually exposed by our spineless politicians, and war-mongering pacifists.

DENIS STOCK.

45, Ashurst Road, North Finchley,
London, N.12.

Let's Have a Man

DEAR MADAM,—

The *Saturday Review* of 11th July. Permit me to congratulate you on every word of it. I am a Tory of the Tories, and since the war we have had no Party and no Leader. We have been sold right and left. We need someone who, as the Americans say, will "speak right out in meeting." If you will put your vast influence into the patriotic endeavour to throw out that lethargic spell-binder Baldwin and the idealistic mountebank Eden, you will deserve well of your country.

Let us for God's sake have a man in charge of our destinies, not a congeries of mental and moral hermaphrodites. Like you, I am—and no doubt thousands of other voiceless Tories are also—sick of the eternal Cabinet back-scratching, this eternal change from a Socialist-Conservative Premier to a Conservative-Socialist Premier. Ten years ago who was singing "The Red Flag" in Downing Street? And who remembers that now? Not the singer, we may guess—he has been pushed back into high Cabinet office by our champion back-scratcher.

Apostle of Sense

Verbally, your tactics resemble those of Low as a cartoonist. Stick to it. It will get through to the masses—as Low does.

I am all for Chamberlain—or Lord Lloyd—or even Churchill—anyone who is a man, and not a craven. You are the apostle of robust commonsense. I beg you to stick to it. There must be hundreds of thousands who will be at your back—boost your paper, and see that these potential supporters—and potential supporters for your and our cause also at the next Election—have no excuse, for not being thoroughly posted on the views which the *Saturday Review* sets forth.

R. C. E. MILNE.

16, Wetherby Place, London, S.W.7.

READERS THINK

Unbalanced Bosses

MADAM,—

I am in full agreement with your correspondent, C. H. Weller, over the need for a leader of real courage.

If such a man could come forward he would be assured of a tremendous following, for one is tired of the weak defence of the Conservative policy against the Socialists.

To-day more than any other time we need someone who will sink all personal differences for the cause of preserving our once mighty country.

Why must we run the risk of having people in power who are capable of losing their tempers over the smallest thing, and are governed by an unconquerable prejudice against our Empire? Of course, I refer to the Socialists who would do all in their power to bring it to ruin.

If a leader did come forward I for one would do my little bit, and would work very hard to do all I could to help.

Can I take this opportunity of thanking your Ladyship for all you are doing in your fine paper?

SANITY.

Greenkoti, Georges Wood Road,
Brookmans Park, Herts.

The Peril in India

MADAM,

The lamented passing, not long ago, of the Bishop of Exeter, Lord William Gascoigne Cecil, has robbed India of a true and clear-sighted friend. Like all that concerns the interests of that great sub-continent, his splendid speech of last June, as one of the fifty-five peers who had the courage to oppose the India Bill of Government at its second reading, seems to have passed from the memory of the British public. Let me make an attempt, through your columns, to rescue it from oblivion.

Drawing upon his thorough knowledge of Eastern problems (see his *Changing China*, published 1910), Lord William opened by pointing out that if, as seemed probable, the proposed Constitution failed, what India would get would not be a Western Democracy but a great world of confusion. He endorsed the view of Mussolini that democracy was not merely fatal to efficient government, but that it was essentially immoral—its appeal was only to personal interest, not to that of the community.

Immoral Democracy

He did not oppose Indianisation; some of the best servants of the State would be found among the Indian races. What he condemned was their choice by election. That democracy was immoral in itself was the lesson being taught by current American events; men were starving in Chicago while crops, because of their unprofitable profusion, were being burnt in Illinois. How were we, he asked, to avoid the possibility of some great machine, with the power of money behind it, gaining control of the masses? The poor, not the rich, he prophesied, would suffer in India. Let us not be blinded by the moment's expediency.

"As the great picture changes," he continued, "so the actors will change. Out of some place where you least expect him, will come someone with the gift of drawing the crowds after him. He will not hesitate to commit any act of cruelty; he will hit hard, and you will never dare to hit hard in return. That is why it is unwise to let India pass out of your hands. I do not know," he concluded, "what will be the end of this great tragedy. You are condemning India to a misery of shame and confusion, similar to the shame and confusion of China."

The conviction that the authors and instigators of the measure not merely realise but have deliberately

planned the débâcle foreseen by the Bishop of Exeter will ere long be forced upon us by the logic of facts. Both Ramsay MacDonald and the late Lord Reading had a hand in its inception, and now that the Royal Prerogative as to British overseas possessions has become a back number, *vide* Eden's offer of a strip of Somaliland, your query regarding his promise of India to Russia may soon answer itself. But what about Germany's pre-emptive rights over British "Places in the Sun"? One cannot well fancy her standing aside in favour of Russia, failing Tanganyika.

J. A. WYLLIE, Lt.-Col., I.A. (Retd.)

Bolshevik Tentacles

MY LADY,—

Having for some time past interested myself in the excellent columns of the *Saturday Review*, I decided in the interests of that excellent body of men—The Men of our Mercantile Marine to write to you.

A year and a half ago I signed on a British Tanker in Buenos Aires as a fireman, destination being Tampico, Mexico. On arrival in Tampico after a short stay up town, I returned to the boat and, being the only member of the crew who spoke Spanish, was called upon by the Second Mate to interpret for him with the Mexican Customs Authorities.

My Lady, I was astounded! The purport of the Mexican's speech was, that one of our seamen, "who did not appear to be English," had given the Customs Agent a pound to give to the Bosun of the ship.

I spoke to the Storekeeper (Chief Fireman), who informed me that the seaman was a full blooded Russian, who was bribing the Bosun to sign him on for the next voyage. As there are many really good British seamen out of a job, I am forced to ask myself, "Whither Britain?"

Again, during the general strike I was in Winnipeg and, attending several meetings, I discovered that all the agitators were immigrant Jews. When British people realise that "Judaism is Communism," and take some lessons from Hitler and Mussolini, we shall have the pleasure of hearing those very inspiring strains of "Rule Britannia," taught to our children instead of the Jew "Internationale."

EX-PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY FIREMAN.

London, W.2.

A Defence Loan

SIR,—At a juncture when our destinies as an Empire are rapidly approaching catastrophe, thanks to the complacency of our hermetically sealed and ineffaceable "Fuehrer" and his whip-cowed, rag tag and bobtail retainers, and when our utterly defenceless position is a direct invitation to a more formidable Power suddenly to jump on our backs with the slogan of "Now, or never," it would seem to me to be of the "Very Midsummer Night's dream of madness" to continue our almost leisurely re-equipment plans on the sheer chance of no sudden happening that would leave us without revenues, taxable incomes, or the remotest chance of obtaining a foreign loan.

Obviously, self-preservation calls for the immediate securing, in advance, of a sufficient Defence Fund by public bonds, and obtainable in a day.

The hypocritical excuse that the tender feelings of "Posterity" would be hurt by the transmission to them of a loan that preserved to them their birthright intact is typical of a Government that exists by excuse.

"A BIRD IN HAND."

WHAT OUR READERS THINK

The Navy and Merchant Shipping

SIR,—I desire to express my entire concurrence in your article on Mr. Baldwin. What we very urgently want is a strong leader, backed by a homogeneous Conservative Party, not a mis-called National Government made up of shreds and patches of Socialist and Liberal Parties, who mostly control our Foreign Policy, supported by a body of docile Conservative M.P.s who vote as Mr. Baldwin tells them.

We require a strong consistent Foreign Policy aided by a powerful Fleet, Air Force and Army. We can only obtain peace when we have force enough to secure it.

Fortunately the Government seems to be at last awake to this fact, and to have given up talking of a policy "within the framework of the League of Nations" and "collective (in)security." But why do they obstinately insist on scrapping the five C class cruisers urgently required for convoy? Is this another sop to Ramsay MacDonald, who has so persistently betrayed this country from the war onwards?

There is one important matter which you seem to have overlooked. Why have the Government persisted in doing nothing to protect our Merchant Shipping from being driven off the seas by the American and other subsidised ships? Is this to please Free Trade prejudices of the Board of Trade. The Americans allow no foreign ships to trade between any of their ports even so far apart as New York and Hawaii.

Why should we not treat them as they treat us? Again, why should we not make subsidised ships pay enhanced harbour dues and increased duties on the goods they carry?

A. FAIRLIE BRUCE, M.INST.C.E., F.R.S.S.A.,
Capt., R.A.F. (retd.).

27, Boileau Road, Ealing, W.5.

Germany and the Ukraine

SIR,—In a letter signed by "A Subscriber" of Guildford, Surrey, published in the *Saturday Review*, 11th July, 1936, the writer says:

"It is to be hoped most sincerely, that when Germany is ready to make its 'Tiger spring,' which may be after the harvest this year, August-September, that its objective will be the Ukraine."

Should not the 49,000,000 Ukrainians themselves have some voice in the future destiny of their own affairs?

Ukraine is too freely spoken of as if it could be transferred as a vassal state from one overlordships to another.

The Ukrainian territories in the U.S.S.R. are still dominated by Communist officials from Moscow; Ukrainians still fill the prisons of Siberia; and Ukrainians still remember the tragedy of the famine of 1933, which was caused by the deliberate policy of Moscow and which decimated their population. But Ukrainians who have suffered oppression for so long have naturally no desire to remain under the U.S.S.R., nor do they desire new masters; they desire real independence and not merely a change of tutelage.

(MISS) LOUISE GIBSON,
Ukrainian Bureau.

27, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1

"Motor Cyclists for Defence"

SIR,—Even the pacifist element of this country acknowledge the necessity of the maintenance of Armed Forces.

If Armed Forces must be preserved, they must be seriously planned.

Germany and other large European Powers realise the part a mechanised army will play in any future war, and Germany in particular has made the motor cycle and the side-car combination, with its crew of three men, an important unit in its new army. No such unit (with the possible exception of Royal Signals), exists in our Territorial Army.

The creation of a motor cycle reserve must form part of national defence.

No doubt motor cyclists would be prompt to answer a call in a time of national emergency, but in view of the intensive training required for a modern mechanised army, the War Office in our view would be wise to begin organising such a force now.

Knowing motor cyclists as we do, we believe that with reasonable encouragement they would become a very powerful and competent branch of the Territorial Army. If special motor cycle units were in existence, young motor cyclists would be glad to join them.

FOR THE BRITISH MOTOR CYCLE ASSOCIATION,

L. A. DAVIS,
Organising Secretary.

9, Southampton Street, Holborn, W.C.1.

Spreading the Message

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

May I add my thanks and appreciation of your patriotism in reducing the *Saturday Review* to 2d., to those of the many other letters you must receive on the subject?

I subscribe for two copies a week and send both on to other people.

Now that the paper costs only 2d., one trusts that it reaches a section of the community who formerly did not see it.

Personally I should like to see Lord Lloyd Prime Minister. One feels sure he would be a statesman with Imperial vision, and not merely a very clever politician.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain has done so brilliantly in his present post during a period of great difficulty, that one hesitates to wish him elsewhere.

M. I. MATTHIESSEN-SMITH.

"Balmoral Hotel,"
35-39, Queen's Gate Gardens, London, S.W.7.

Lord's Reform

DEAR MADAM,—

In your campaign for infusing some form of energy into the leadership of the Conservative Party, it is possibly unnecessary to invite your attention to the enclosed extracts from the *Morning Post* and *Evening Standard*, respectively, of yesterday. The facts as stated, however, should furnish the *Saturday Review* with admirable ammunition for the campaign in question. Is it not quite obvious that Mr. Baldwin merely desires the social kudos of figuring as Premier during the Coronation festivities, and that he does not want to be worried with any internal matters of a polemical nature? The future of the House of Lords is surely as grave a matter as anything which has ever confronted the Constitution, and on its independence and stability depends very largely the maintenance of Britain's interests abroad. Are we not again being sacrificed—this time to Mr. Baldwin's personal vanity? Surely, also, if the foreign issues are of the gravity indicated—and that is not in dispute—a Premier should require a greater argument for the retention and mis-handling of the reins of Government than his mere desire for the Coronation spotlight?

Mr. Baldwin has invariably rivalled the well-known Duke of Plaza Toro in his capacity for "leading his regiment from behind"—he has never "led" unless pushed forward by his followers. But now he seems to be immovable even to pressure.

R. C. E. MILNE.

16, Wetherby Place, London, S.W.7.

[The extracts referred to by our correspondent comment on Mr. Baldwin's refusal to take action for Reform of the House of Lords.—ED.]

The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY, Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumbartonshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 3/6. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

BOURNE END, Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. — Riggs's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. — Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

CALLANDER, Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYDEBURN. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/-. W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/-. Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL. — Sea View. Bed., 9; Annex, 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 6059.

ELY, Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW, C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-; Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 184. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes. The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

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LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE HOTEL, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-. Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 32; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, h. & c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £2 16/6. W.E., 35/- to 45/-. Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 43. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-; Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. W.E., £1 7/-. Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Central Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/-. Golf, fishing, bathing.

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PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 3/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 66. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

RIPON, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/-. Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilt. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Clebury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/-; Lun., 2/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks. — Castle Hotel, Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 19/6. W.E., 21/-. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 66; Rec., 5. Din., 5/-. Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH UIST, Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT. — Victoria Hotel. Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 5/-; Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6; Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS. — Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d.; double, 14s/-. Golf, trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 16; Pens., £3 10/-; W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

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EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall.—Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Proprs. 'Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE HOTEL, Cliff Road. Bed., 68; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 25/-. Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK.—Bracadale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day (5/- Aug.-Sept.).

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

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LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf.

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LOCH-SHIEL, ARGYLL.—Ardhealach Hotel, Achacrae. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-; Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-. G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel. 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 6 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel. Westminster, S.W.1. 'Phone, Vic. 0667 & 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

RONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

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LADBROKE Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel, 7, Lidlington Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 6126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR HOTEL, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

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RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Baywater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2/12/6.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. 'Phone: Park 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 156; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, N. Devon.—Waterloo House Private Hotel, Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-. Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

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SHAFTESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel. Pens., 4 to 7 gns. W.E., 42/- to 57/-. Golf, private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-; Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden, tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 9/- per day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

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THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Australia and the Imperial Conference

From an Australian Correspondent

WITH the undergrowth of trade problems thinned out by the visits last year and this of Federal Ministers, Australia hopes that the Imperial Conference next May will be able to concentrate upon broad issues of Imperial policy unimpeded by detailed considerations of quotas.

While the precise extent to which shipments of Argentine chilled beef to Great Britain will be reduced is not yet known, Australia has been assured of an expanding market here for her expanding beef industry.

Dr. Earle Page, the Commonwealth Minister of Commerce, left here satisfied that, when the agreement is completed, beef producers—of whom he is one—will be convinced of the adequacy of the opportunity they will find in the British market.

Australia has for some time had to reckon with the partial hostility of Northern England towards her products.

Thanks to the recent tariff amendments which provide Lancashire with a larger share of the Australian market at the expense of Japan, goodwill has been regained. Dr. Page believes that Australian sales to Northern England will increase accordingly.

The development of Australian shipments direct to British outposts also will assist in sales to the provinces, whose conservative taste has taken longer than that of London to turn towards Australian products.

Australia believes that the atmosphere of the Imperial Conference, as between Great Britain and herself, will be much more cordial than might have been the case a year or so ago.

Tariff changes in favour of Britain, a better understanding here of the motives of Australia's policy of building up secondary industries, and her own reviving prosperity all have contributed to this more optimistic outlook.

In Whitehall, too, the progress towards settlement of trade negotiations before the Conference proper begins is welcomed. It is hoped thus to avoid wrestling on the floor over imports and exports during the Coronation festivities.

In these, incidentally, the part of the Empire cannot be played exactly according to precedent.

The new status of the Dominions since King George was crowned, and especially the adoption here and in some Dominions of the Statute of Westminster, will render some of the ceremonial forms inappropriate.

The task of bringing them into accord with the present definition of inter-Imperial relationships is likely

to be entrusted to constitutional experts of the Privy Council Coronation Committee, who will consult the Dominions.

Representatives of Australia on the Coronation Committee so far include Sir Isaac Isaacs, lately Governor-General, Mr. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner, and Mr. Justice Rich.

Of these, Sir Isaac Isaacs is a constitutional lawyer and one of the framers of the Act which brought the Commonwealth of Australia into being. Mr. Bruce, then Prime Minister, led the Australian delegation to the Imperial Conference of 1926, at which the status of the Dominions was defined as

"Autonomous Communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

It will be easier to adapt Coronation formula to fit this definition than for the concurrent Imperial Conference to frame policy adequate to its mighty scope.

"The Very Best Motives"

By Cleland Scott

Nanyuki, Kenya.

AT the East Africa dinner in June, the Earl of Plymouth deputising for his chief, informed his listeners that "The Colonial Office wanted to make known to as many people as possible the possibilities and potentialities of East Africa."

The answer would appear to be why not spend a bit of money and get a first class publicity agent on to the matter?

After mentioning all the well known troubles of Kenya and lauding the efforts of the territories, he finished his speech by saying that "the Colonial Office was inspired with the very best motives towards the East African Territories. They wanted to see the settler go forward side by side with the native."

All very nice sounding and somewhat of a change for the better, but motives alone are unsatisfying, and action (not only fair words) would do much to convince those in our colonies that their present and future is of interest and importance to others besides themselves.

Mr. Ormsby Gore recently remarked that "there had been a lot of unnecessary talk about Tanganyika." If he wishes to stop this, the remedy is simple—a categorical statement from H.M. Government that will leave no doubt as to its intentions.

Certain Members of Parliament, writers of articles and of "Letters to the Editor," manage to expose their monumental ignorance most naively

by asking absurd questions about the Kenya "Highlands."

They are so perturbed lest any native be "done wrong!" They assert blithely that railways are constructed so as to serve only European interests, ignoring or not knowing the fact that all run through the vast, fertile, and prosperous reserves for natives.

Meantime, in strange contrast with the apathetic British interest in Empire and proposals to give away large chunks of it, Mussolini announces his intention of spending large sums of money in developing his new colony.

It seems to-day that when a country is prosperous and can afford all sorts of expensive luxuries, she will do little to help her own Empire: but the greater the strain there is on the finances of a country, the easier that country finds it to spend money!

What nation but the British would leave her colonists to stew and finally boil away when they ask in reality but little?

If Colonial Office motives are as pure as they are professed to be, let it provide some tangible proof. Opportunities abound!

Schoolboys' Tour in Africa

The Schools Empire Tour Committee announce that their next tour will be to South Africa and the Rhodesias, beginning just after Christmas and returning to this country in April, 1937.

The cost for each boy will be about £110. Full particulars may be obtained from Mr. J. Rendall, The Athenæum, Pall Mall, or from the Hon. Margaret Best, O.B.E., Imperial Institute, S.W.

Ten Millions from Canada's Hens

POULTRY farming is big business in Canada, and our own agriculturists may take heart of grace from the fact that last year their opposite numbers of the Dominion netted £10,000,000 on the hen-run.

The total must seem all the more impressive to those who look on poultry farming as a casual business embracing merely a few fowl scraping for a living in a barnyard.

It is a highly scientific undertaking nowadays, and not least of all in Canada, where poultry and eggs yield nearly half as much revenue as stockbreeding.

Ontario poultry-men took over £4,000,000, which, surprisingly enough, was more than the province got for her fruit and vegetables.

Quebec raised £1,500,000, the Maritime Provinces over £500,000 and Saskatchewan £1,400,000.

Old Weapons of India

(1) The Composite Bow

By F. R. Lee, I.E.S., Retd.

NOT long ago the Thug, the Pindari, and other ruffians in ascending scale, made violence the chief business in India.

None could then afford to be without his weapon. Waking and sleeping it was within reach, and prudence demanded the best: plain but sound for the poor man, all the glory of Mogul art at the disposal of the wealthy.

After the Mutiny thousands of fine weapons were "scrapped." In the Native States many survive and may be bought from the dealers in old arms.

At the end of his career the departing British official rarely failed to pack into his portmanteau a weapon or two which recalled some romantic scene or stirring episode.

Of these, many in the course of time have found a resting place in public or private collections. This is a happy fate; for such things will never be made again.

War being an interest inherent in our existence will certainly recur; when it does, not art, but alchemy will provide man with weapons for his "sanctions."

These considerations, together with the impulse to collect, which we share with that engaging bird, the jackdaw, started my collection during the Viceroyalty of Lord Lansdowne.

Later Lord Curzon's Durbar, marshalled in a final magnificence, passed like the mystical procession of Isaiah's type of a more transcendent Epiphany.

*"Et gloria ejus in te videbitur,
Et ambulabunt gentes in lumine tuo,*

*Et reges in splendore tuo;
Omnes de Saba venient
Aurum et thus deferentes."*



Perso-Indian Bows and Arrows

Then the curtain fell: its rise revealed a new world, worshipping a trinity of noise, speed and ugliness.

In such a state, these old weapons and much else, are just "junk"; but it is a harmless and pleasant hobby to extract some mental stimulation from the contemplation of them.

Arrian, who had access to the diaries of Alexander's generals, relates that, after the rout at Issus, Darius, in headlong flight, left in the chariot his cloak and bow.

After Arbela a similar equipment again fell to the victor, who thus won two bows, which, had they survived, would be of a value immeasurable in terms of money.

Alas! they are gone "*tempus edax rerum*," but we know what they looked like.

As the bamboo bows of Bhil and Ghond are identical with those carried by Indians from the Hydaspes to the Hellespont in the armies of Xerxes, so the Perso-Indian bows in many cases reproduce those two "museum specimens," which Alexander hung on the tent-pole of his moving palace.

They were reflex and composite "*palintona kampyla toxa*," made of layers of horn, wood and sinew, less than 4 ft. long when strung, for use in chariot or on horseback, and probably invented in Central Asia, where cavalry was cheap, and bow-wood dear.

All the skill of the artist was lavished to make these precious weapons things of beauty. Even now, perhaps 200 years since they left Teheran, Samarkand or Lahore, the greens, golds and reds are fresh as a panel by Botticelli.

On yonder peg is an old quiver of kincol, interwoven with gold and crimson thread: you may see such on those vases in the British Museum which depict the combats of Greeks and Persians.

And the arrows in it! Long, slender, graceful 28 in. bamboo shafts, gaily painted about the feathers, with bulging ivory nocks for sure holding, and tipped with steel points of different patterns, each devised for a different purpose: these for piercing chain, armour, those for cutting edges for naked flesh, others blunt-headed for killing birds and small game.

A perfect weapon. Later at Carrhae the annihilation of the Roman legions like rabbits in the last swathe of corn taught an early lesson in tactics.

In our own days two English archers have shot over a quarter of a mile with this Indo-Persian bow, and there are trustworthy records of greater distances.

In his Natural History, Lord Bacon says, "It hath been known that the arrow hath pierced a steel target or a piece of brass two inches thick, and an arrow without an iron point will penetrate to the depth even of eight inches into a piece of wood when shot from a Turkish bow."

Australia's New Traffic Code

MELBOURNE has just inaugurated a new metropolitan street traffic code which regulates pedestrians as well as motor vehicles, and provides drastic penalties for infringement.

No pedestrian must attempt to cross a road or street against even the amber light or other cautionary signal, under penalty of £20, or wait on the road for an approaching tram or bus, under penalty of £5. He will in future be fined £5 for "jay-walking" or crossing a street diagonally, or for alighting from a moving vehicle. Another regulation insists that he keep to the left on all footways and pass another pedestrian on the right, under a penalty for infringement of £5.

Motorists must, in future, stop at the intersection of two major streets, and, on approaching the uncontrolled intersection of a minor street, slow down to 25 miles an hour. The penalty for infringement is £10. Right of way at an uncontrolled crossing must be given to the vehicle approaching from the right.

Cars must stop behind stationary trams, must in all cases keep as near the left hand kerb as possible, and if crossing from one side of the road to another, must turn round and face the direction of traffic. Although the majority of the main streets are wide, no more than two vehicles may travel abreast in the same direction, a regulation which abolishes "double overtaking" under penalty of £10.

A motor driver must always give the "stop" and "right turn" signals at least 25 yards before he does these things, or risk a fine of £10.

The Victorian Government has appointed an advisory body of seven metropolitan municipal councillors to watch closely the working of the new code.

A Question of Diet

AUSTRALIA has just finished a preliminary investigation into what it eats in relation to nutriment, and a committee of experts set up by the Department of Health has reported to the Minister, Mr. Hughes, that so far as its investigations disclose, Australians ought to

drink more milk
eat more liver, brains, hearts and sweetbreads
eat more fish
consume less patent medicine.

The committee thinks that it is the duty of flour millers and master bakers to establish research laboratories to produce a better and more nourishing bread. They also think that the diet requirements of 100 families in each of the capital cities should be surveyed every three months, and that a motor truck equipped with X-ray plant and a medical officer should be sent into the back-country areas of Queensland and Victoria to examine the physical condition of children.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Establishment of British Power
in Nova Scotia

By Professor A. P. Newton

THE rivalry with France for power in North America during the first half of the eighteenth century is the most familiar part of the history of the first British Empire.

But attention is usually concentrated upon the struggle in the Ohio Valley and Wolfe's capture of Quebec, while the long drawn-out rivalry in the Maritime Provinces is commonly neglected though it played an equally important part in the consolidation of British colonial power.

England and France were rivals in the establishment of colonies in the regions of the fisheries at the mouth of the River St. Lawrence as early as the reign of James I.

It was a Scotsman, Sir William Alexander, who first projected a colony there to be called "New Scotland," and obtained a patent from the king to authorise him to collect subscriptions and recruit emigrants to send out.

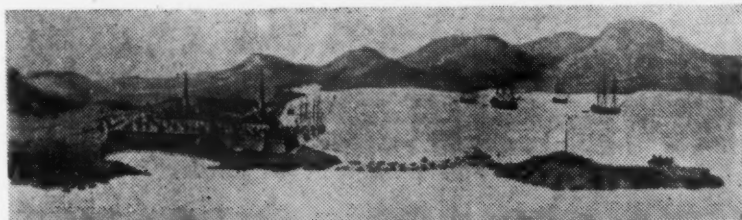
Strangely enough the name "New Scotland" never took root, but its Latin equivalent, which was inserted in the patent, "Nova Scotia," became familiar probably because of its use in connection with certain baronetcies which were sold in return for cash subscriptions to the colonial project.

Alexander's scheme was a lamentable failure and its only lasting result was to be seen in the Nova Scotian baronetcies, a few of which still survive.

Meanwhile, the French were attempting to establish settlements in the same region, which they called "Acadia."

They were rather more successful, and in the course of the seventeenth century a scattered population of French peasant farmers was established in the peninsula especially round Port Royal on the Bay of Fundy.

There were many rivalries between the French and the Americans from



Louisbourg, Cape Breton, the centre of French Power in the Newfoundland Fishing Area

New England, and each party strove to stir up the Indians against their opponents.

Ultimately, in the great wars of Queen Anne's time, the English took the lead and at the Peace of Utrecht (1713), Nova Scotia was ceded by France and definitely became British territory.

But though the French had thus been compelled to abandon the Acadians, they were not willing to accept the English interpretation of the clause of cession in the treaty.

They maintained that cession only covered the lands in the peninsula and that the adjacent mainland and islands were not included, although, in fact, they had usually been comprised in the province of Acadia.

England could not persuade them to give way and so the progress of her new colony was completely blocked.

To make up for her loss of Newfoundland and to retain a dominant position in the fisheries of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, France, about 1718, set to work to build a great place of arms in Cape Breton Island at the northern end of Nova Scotia.

This fortress was called Louisbourg, and though its stockades were only built of wood, it was developed into an American Gibraltar and forbade entrance into the estuary of the St. Lawrence to all foreign fishermen.

From Louisbourg the French officers entered into constant intrigues among the Indian tribes, and they stirred up the Acadians to refuse to accept the oath of allegiance to the British Crown.

There were practically no British settlers in Nova Scotia, and the

interests that suffered most were those of the New England merchants from Massachusetts, who found Louisbourg a constant source of danger and hostility.

When war broke out again between the two countries in 1745, the Boston men resolved to wipe out this menace and, under the lead of Governor William Shirley, they despatched an expedition against the fortress and captured it.

This success was enthusiastically welcomed by the Americans, and their chagrin was correspondingly great when, at the negotiations for the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, Louisbourg was returned to France in exchange for Madras.

But the peace was only of short duration and when the Seven Years' War broke out in 1756, it was determined that Louisbourg must be taken again as the first step towards the conquest of the whole of the French possessions in North America.

The first step was taken before the formal outbreak of war. The Acadians who would not accept British allegiance but favoured their French compatriots, were expelled from Nova Scotia and sent off on their wanderings to Isle of St. Jean (now Prince Edward Island) and Louisiana amid tragic sufferings.

When Pitt came into power at the end of 1756 one of his first measures was to prepare an expedition against Louisbourg under Lord Loudoun.

But the French naval squadrons in the Atlantic held a considerable superiority over the British ships. The expedition was kept helpless at Halifax while France poured in new troops as reinforcements for Canada with impunity.

But Pitt did not relinquish his sound strategical idea that Canada could only be overcome from the sea and that Louisbourg was its strongest outpost.

In the summer of 1758 Amherst, with James Wolfe as his second in command, landed with extraordinary audacity almost under the guns of the fortress, and in a little more than a month, despite the resistance of the strong French garrison Louisbourg was compelled to capitulate unconditionally with over 5,000 men on 28th July, 1758.

It was a resounding success, for it was the first note of the death knell of French power in North America. The honour of the success was popularly attributed to Wolfe and for the first time his greatness as a leader was generally recognised.



Louisbourg Medals of 1758. The capture of Louisbourg seriously weakened French military power in North America.

Britain Must Increase Exports

By Our City Editor

B RITAIN'S Overseas Trade figures for the first six months of the year show an excess of imports over exports of £162,500,000, which is over £38,000,000 more than the visible adverse trade balance for the first half of 1935. The Board of Trade estimate of Britain's balance of payments for that year was £37,000,000 and there is little reason to assume much increase this year in our income on investments abroad, shipping and other services. The favourable balance, therefore, is already wiped out by the increase in imports.

While the competitive nature of these imports has been to a large extent reduced and the increase in their total is due to the demands of industrial expansion at home, the absence of any corresponding increase in exports must be borne in mind. This country cannot continue indefinitely taking increasing supplies from abroad without some outlet for her products, and if this is not forthcoming then our industrial expansion is based on air and can only be maintained for a while by inflation. We have banking deposits at a record high level, record gold holdings at the Bank of England, and the country is flooded with cheap money. But unless we are able to sell more abroad, or derive a bigger income from our foreign investments, the £ sterling will not long be worth even its present value abroad or at home. In other words, there must be a very considerable rise in prices here and that, in the present state of affairs, is most undesirable with gilt-edged interest rates at under 3 per cent. and income tax at 4s. 9d. in the £ with every prospect of a further increase next April.

Some Brewery Shares

Most of the Brewery companies enjoyed highly prosperous conditions last year and many people judged this to be due in part to the Jubilee. Increased spending-power, however, was the main reason and there is every indication that the companies should make higher profits this year. Consumption of beer for the first five months of this year was 6,345,137 standard barrels compared with 6,357,950 barrels for the same period of 1935, although the Jubilee was included in that period. Most of the leading shares are now on a yield basis of well under 4½ per cent. in anticipation of higher dividends this year than in 1935.

Mitchells and Butlers, the Birmingham brewers, paid 17 per cent. tax-free last year and may exceed this rate for the current year. On last year's dividend basis the shares at 105s. yield nearly 4½ per cent., and over 4½ per cent. is obtainable on Meux ordinary at 51s. 6d. on the basis of the 11 per cent. dividend paid for 1935 when 15½ per cent. was earned. Bullards of Norfolk at 79s. return 4½ per cent. on the basis of last year's 17½ per cent. dividend. The company then earned over 26 per cent. on the ordinary shares. One of the best investments in the market, however, is Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton at 135s. 6d. to yield nearly 4½ per cent. gross. The company earned 24 per cent. last year and paid 22 per cent., the financial position being extraordinarily strong. Ind Coope return over 4 per cent. at 124s. per £1

unit and as 36½ per cent. was earned last year, the dividend this year may show an increase even over the 25 per cent. level paid for 1935.

Threlfall's Good Results

It is encouraging that Threlfall's Brewery Company should have increased trading profits last year from £376,551 to £393,327, net trading profits being £16,500 up at £352,991, for this is a reflection of greater prosperity in the Lancashire, Cheshire and North Wales area, in which the company's interests lie. The dividend is increased from 16 to 17 per cent., and of the surplus of £22,258 remaining after payment of the dividends, £22,000 is applied to properties improvement reserve. The amount to be carried forward is slightly higher at £339,832. The balance sheet is a strong one, the company having over £202,000 in cash and £101,000 in Government securities and other investments. The £1 shares of Threlfall's stand at 75s. ex the dividend and on the basis of last year's 17 per cent. they give a return at this price of about 4½ per cent.

Booth's Increased Profits

The £1 ordinary shares of Booth's Distilleries, Ltd., mentioned in our last issue, have recovered sharply to 32s. 3d. on the excellent earnings disclosed by the report for the year to March 31st last. After all provisions, net profit increased from £65,696 to £104,863 and the 7½ per cent. dividend was so fully covered that the company actually earned over 17 per cent. on the ordinary shares.

COMPANY MEETING

BANK OF LONDON & SOUTH AMERICA

ACQUISITION OF ANGLO-SOUTH AMERICAN BANK

Scheme Approved

Mr. J. W. Beaumont Pease's Address

AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Bank of London & South America, Limited, was held on July 17th, at the Head Office of the bank, 6, 7 and 8, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C., to consider a resolution authorising the increase of the capital.

MR. J. W. BEAUMONT PEASE (chairman of the bank) who presided, said:—Your board and that of the Anglo-South American Bank, Limited, have agreed to the terms under which our bank is taking over the business of the Anglo-South American Bank, Limited. In order that we may carry out our part of the bargain and allot the agreed purchase price of 100,000 of our £5 fully-paid shares, it is proposed that the authorised capital of our company should be increased from its present figure of £4,000,000 to £4,500,000, which will enable us to allot the necessary number of shares and at the same time to hold the same amount of unissued capital at our disposal if required at any time in the future.

It will be realised that the new issued capital only requires an amount of £11,400 to provide its proportion of the present modest dividend paid by this bank.

As a result of this deal on its ratification by the shareholders of the Anglo-South American Bank, this bank will become possessed of all the shares of the British Bank of South America, Limited, the subsidiary of the Anglo-South American Bank, Limited, operating in Brazil; it is contemplated that the business of the British Bank of South America, Limited, will be merged in due course with our own.

MR. RICHARD FOSTER (deputy chairman) seconded that resolution, which was carried unanimously.

MOTORING**The Life of a Car**

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

A FRIEND who likes to put conundrums asked me last week what would be a fair figure for the life of a car. It seemed to me a question not only difficult but dangerous, though very likely statistics are available among the archives of some bureau which would give an average.

The question seems to me dangerous, because if one gave any exact number of years one would certainly be inundated with letters from both owners and manufacturers pointing to cases of extreme longevity. The journalist is always liable to be shot at, and I see no reason in deliberately offering myself as a target; but I do not think many people would quarrel with me if I stated that few modern cars reach the mature age of ten years.

I was reminded of this by a letter from the London Motor Cab Proprietors' Association, who have taken offence at an article I wrote comparing the London taxi-cabs with those of Paris. Referring to something which happened, so far as I remember, before 1926 I mentioned the antiquated rattle-traps which plied for hire in those days, without, of course, implying that all or even nearly all the London cabs were in such a state in those days.

New Regulation

The Association, having apparently misread what I said, have protested that this is not true to-day, and have pointed out that nearly three-quarters of the eight thousand taxis on the London streets are under six years old and that, with a regulation which came into force this year, the limit of life of a London taxi-cab is now ten years.

This does not appear to affect in the least what I said about the situation as it was some years ago, but I gladly pass on the information as it is of some interest. That such a regulation was found necessary points to the fact that a proportion of cabs plying for hire last year was considerably older.

As a matter of fact the real theme of this particular article was the appearance of our taxis, which I compared very unfavourably with those in Paris. I see no reason to change my opinion, especially as all the Association can say to refute it is that not only appearance but performance is an essential factor.

The performance of a good London taxi is certainly all that is required; but so is the performance of a good Paris taxi, quite as good, certainly, as anything we have produced, so I still can see no reason why our public vehicles should be so unsightly.

Moreover, ten years old or not, it is still possible, usually when one is in a hurry, to find oneself in a taxi which is really remarkably slow and which has singularly little acceleration. I admit that such conveyances are becoming fewer; but I do not think I have ever had the misfortune in Paris to take a cab which approached our worst.

THEATRE NOTES**"Blackbirds of 1936"**

Gaiety Theatre

IF you like a well-balanced show with no waiting between the scenes, excellent dancing, a good deal of humour, singing that is beautifully harmonised and music that is tuneful all the time, then go to see "Blackbirds of 1936." It is difficult to single out individual performances from a production so wholly pleasing not only to the eye, but to the ear. "Akosiah's Wedding" and "She Done Me Wrong" included several first-rate artists, but it was the ensemble that was particularly good and the lighting especially effective. The Nicholas Brothers were quite outstanding as dancers—the younger of them—perhaps because of his youth—surpassing even the best that Mr. Cochran has previously offered us. Lavada Carter, too, in "Dixie isn't Dixie any more," is well worth a visit. Jules Bledsoe, the original singer of "Ole Man River," the Four Bobs, Maude Russell and last but not least, the Rosamund A. Johnson Choir, also contributed to the enjoyment of the evening.

The dances were arranged by Buddy Bradley and the music, by Rube Bloom, was played by Jack Harris's Rhythm Band—all under the direction of Frank Collinson. John Mercer was responsible for the lyrics and the entire production was conceived and staged by Lew Leslie. A real "Rhapsody of Blue Notes and Black Rhythm."

"Storm Song"

Embassy Theatre

By Denis Johnston

THE Moon in the Yellow River" and "The Bride and Unicorn" have led us to expect from the pen of Mr. Denis Johnston something fantastic and unusual. In "Storm Song" he has departed from his usual vein and given us a satire on the film industry. Space will not permit details of the story of this, on the whole, rather disappointing play. One missed the smoothness and continuity that is usually associated with stage-plays as opposed to films, but Mr. Fernals, who produced, is to be congratulated on his most realistic storm "effects" in Act 3.

"Professor Bernhardt"

Phoenix Theatre

By Arthur Schnitzler

PROFESSOR BERNHARDI," after a successful three weeks at the Embassy Theatre, has been transferred to the Phoenix with a few changes in the cast. The original artists have in several instances strengthened their performances considerably, especially Bernard Merefield as Father Reder, and Leonard Sachs as Dr. Oskar Bernhardt. Abraham Sofaer, too, has an added charm in his quieter moments which was, perhaps, lacking at the Embassy, and is altogether admirable in the name part. Of the other changes, however, I preferred the interpretations of the parts of Professor Ebenwald and Dr. Lowenstein as given at Swiss Cottage.

C.S.

CINEMA**A Message to Garcia**

BY MARK FORREST

THE new film at the Regal is by no means flawless, but it has two great merits—action and open air. So many pictures nowadays are made in the studios that it is always a welcome change when the cameras are given an airing.

The picture is founded upon facts—facts that caused Mr. Elbert Hubbard to write an article bearing the title, *A Message to Garcia*, of which over a million copies were sold. I have never seen this article and confess that I had never heard of Garcia before I saw this film; nor do I now know how to pronounce his name since the characters themselves cannot make up their minds whether the stress falls on the first or the second syllable.

However, in 1898 General Garcia was situated in the centre of Cuba surrounded by swamps, forests, alligators and Spaniards; while in Washington was President McKinley who wished to let Garcia know where his American allies would land, so that the General could decide from which burrow to emerge. Lieutenant Rowan undertook to deliver this message, and such was his confidence in himself that he went so far as to ask the President whether he wanted an answer. On this heroic note he takes his leave and, if he had to brave a quarter of the difficulties with which the film confronts him, his was indeed a remarkable achievement.

Helping Hands

According to the picture he is helped considerably by three other people; the first, an ex-sergeant of the Marines who combines low cunning with excellent common sense; the second, a Cuban girl who mingles beauty with courage; and the third, a traveller in tinned foods, who appears like a god out of a machine whenever the others are in danger of extermination from famine or the sword.

John Boles plays the Lieutenant and, though the rôle and the performance are both better than most he has been given or played, he doesn't inspire one with much confidence in his ability to deliver the message. Wallace Beery, on the other hand, breathing gin and apparently breeding mosquitos, looks the right man to have at hand in a swamp or a scrap; and Barbara Stanwyck strikes a note of sincerity in the unreal part of the girl. As the traveller Herbert Mundin has little to do and his lines are not so amusing as they ought to be.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981

Last Week

"EPISODE" (A) & "JANOSIK" (A)

Commencing July 27th

"SCARLET PIMPERNEL" (A) &**"BREWSTER'S MILLIONS" (U)****BROADCASTING****A Staff College for the Staff**

BY ALAN HOWLAND

SO we really are to have a B.B.C. Staff College. When the news was first prematurely divulged I found it hard to believe, but being in my way a bit of a White Queen, I managed to swallow it before the eggs and bacon got cold. Now I am sure. The official Back Door into the B.B.C. will be opened by Mr. Beadle and Mr. Harding before we can say Jack Reith. The unofficial back door which has served its purpose so well is, I understand, to be preserved in Vichy Water in the Conference Room.

Refreshers

There is only one thing that puzzles me about this wireless Sandhurst. It has been stated, and it would appear to be true, that not only will aspirants to broadcasting honours be initiated into the sacred rites of Broadcasting House, but that present members of the staff will have the opportunity of going through a "refresher course." "Refresher" is a word which has worried me for years. I never know whether it is intended to describe a prairie oyster or an ex-undergraduate entering Borstal for the second time. Whichever it may be, that is what is likely to happen to some of the B.B.C. boys before long.

One is tempted to ask, who is going to refresh the exhausted Ariels that we know and love so much? The personnel of the future Staff College is drawn from the present personnel of the B.B.C. Surely they are not going to refresh each other? Can it be true that Mr. Beadle and Mr. Harding are to have the heaven-sent opportunity of refreshing Sir John Reith's memory as to the size of hat he ought to wear? Is Mr. Maschwitz to learn from a colleague the value of publicity? I cannot believe it. Apart from the fact that no one can teach the B.B.C. boys anything, the thing is manifestly absurd.

Is It True?

I have even been told that the instructors at the new College are to be drawn from the ranks of those who have been dismissed or "advised to resign" from the B.B.C. To this wild statement I again attach no credence. Nobody in his senses having once severed his connection with the B.B.C., would consent to go back in any capacity. But if the rumour is not true, who on earth is going to do the refreshing? The only thing I can do is to call up the White Queen within me and believe three times before breakfast that the B.B.C. is going to teach the B.B.C. its job. I never did like breakfast much, anyway.

LADY HOUSTON'S COLD CURE

In the days of Good Queen Victoria, who, wholly to our advantage, ruled us with a rod of iron and made her Ministers shiver in their shoes, there lived a celebrated physician named Dr. Abernethy, famed alike for his skill and his *rudeness*, of whom this story is told

"Well, what's the matter with you?" said Dr. Abernethy to a new patient entering his consulting room.

"Only a cold," said the patient, timidly.

"Only a cold," said the great man; "what more do you want—the *plague*?"

I tell you this in order to impress upon you how important it is not to neglect a cold, and how you should *immediately* take every means to fight it tooth and nail. A cold is the forerunner of pneumonia and bronchitis, and very often ends in death.

My cure for a cold is the amalgamated wisdom of many famous Doctors. Here it is:—

Immediately the slightest sign of a cold shows itself, the wisest thing to do is to go straight to bed, with a hot water bottle, wrap your head in a shawl and try and sweat it out—taking the remedies I am going to give you forthwith. But if you cannot go to bed it will, of course, take longer to cure you.

THE CURE

(This is not for lazy people!)

Start with a nasal douche by sniffing up your nostrils and gargling your throat with a teaspoonful of mild disinfectant such as Listerine) or, what is equally good, a teaspoonful of salt (not Cerebos), dissolved in a tumblerful of hot water. This must be done immediately, and always before and after food.

Next take at least 2, perhaps 3, table-spoonfuls of Castor Oil (this, of course, you won't like, but it is very necessary). The way to take Castor Oil so that you don't taste it is to cut an orange in two, then fill a table-spoon with the oil, swallow it quickly and suck the orange, and you won't taste the oil at all.

Take half a small teaspoonful of Langdale's Cinnamon in water three times during the day.

You should take your temperature and, if above normal, take 10 grains of Salicine (buy half a dozen packets of this drug—10 grains in each packet—and take one every two hours, taking not more than 3 doses in all). This of course, is only for fever.

From the moment the cold starts, drink quantities of very hot water, as hot as you can sip it—about 2 big tumblers full at least every 2 hours.

Orange juice is very good taken for a cold, and also is the juice of a lemon if put into hot water, or home-made lemonade, made with lemons cut up, with plenty of sugar, put into a jug with boiling water. This can be taken instead of the plain hot water.

Steep a small piece of cotton wool with Byard's Oil and put it up your nostrils and round your gums, several times during the day and night, and after drinking the hot water.

If you have a cough, Gee's Cough Linctus should be taken.

If the cough is very tiresome at night, a teaspoonful of yellow vaseline acts like magic and stops the cough immediately.

If the cold is not better after one day, continue the whole treatment again for another day, but if after two days there is no improvement, *which is most unlikely*, there must be complications and it would be best for you to consult a Doctor.

Lady Houston wishes it understood that this cold cure is only for a cold when it first makes its appearance and *not* for one that has been on for some time and becomes serious, or for bronchitis and pneumonia, but it will be found very useful for curing the cold before it becomes serious.

The Drugs to buy:—Listerine, Castor Oil, Byard's Oil, Langdale's Cinnamon, Gee's Cough Linctus, Yellow Vaseline.

If this remedy cures you, and I hope and believe it will, please report to me, and in payment let your fee be—just saying—God bless Lady Houston.

L.H.

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GOD SAVE ENGLAND

By Lady Houston, D.B.E.

THE British Empire is one third of the whole world—it is peopled by our own kith and kin, who speak English and who, when they are coming to England, call it "Coming Home." This immense portion of the world is English through and through and yet—Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Eden calling themselves Englishmen—are so false to the traditions of England and so utterly ignorant of their duty to the British Empire—that they want England to be ruled by a League of foreigners and fly over to Geneva every other day to be told what they must say and do next by that arch-traitor—Litvinoff—the man who when Lenin wished to save the Russian Royal Family—insisted upon them being massacred—for it is he who is schooling these two men and dictating to them what to do—and that is why they are forcing and ramming the League of Nations and Sanctions down the throats of the Nation—for it is Russia and Russia alone who wants Sanctions—and *this* is what these men call Democracy !

THE League of Nations—with Germany, America and Italy out of it—is a League of small foreign States with Russia—the only big country—as Top Dog. They all speak different languages—few of them understand English or care anything for England—excepting to look upon England as a milch cow that they can milk—and Litvinoff, who is satanically clever, rules them all with a rod of iron. This position has been manoeuvred for by the Soviet for years past and to-day England is being ruled by Russia—who is determined to force England to stand by the League of Nations and Sanctions. Sanctions—which mean stabbing Italy in the back—Italy our good friend and Ally, who has always thought much of England and the English—who has always stood by us and upheld us. Hear what an Italian paper says about it :—

England's Despotic Government

Every action of the British Government is made on its own account, at the will of a handful of persons. Not even the whole press is in agreement. Important newspapers warn the Government against smashing for ever Anglo-Italian friendship. Persons of the greatest influence make a point of publicly declaring their opposition to the policy of Hoare and Eden. But all this counts for nothing ; the liberal Government of Britain holds on its course with an indifference to public opinion worthy of the most tyrannical sultan of the past ! These, then, are the advantages of democracy ?

Corriere della Sera.

ENGLAND is on the edge of a precipice and Sanctions specially devised by Russia will give England a final push into the bottomless pit and chaos—the Monarchy will be overthrown and the shipwreck of England and the British Empire complete, this is the plan Russia has schemed and worked for. Italy has warned us again and again that SANCTIONS MEAN WAR—But they mean MUCH MORE THAN WAR—for Russia's aim is and always has been the downfall of England—only, the other day Litvinoff in an outburst said "Imperialism must disappear" which in plain English means that **THE SAME FATE THAT WAS METED OUT TO THE RUSSIAN ROYAL FAMILY—WILL AWAIT ENGLAND'S KING AND QUEEN AND THE ENGLISH ROYAL FAMILY—IF SANCTIONS ARE CARRIED OUT.**

THESE are NOT WILD MEANINGLESS WORDS—as no doubt you will be told they are by the men who have caused all this to come upon us—these words, alas, are only too true. The Two Minutes Silence has just been sounded and during those Two Minutes I prayed with all my heart.

GOD SAVE ENGLAND

and deliver us from Sanctions and the League of Nations.